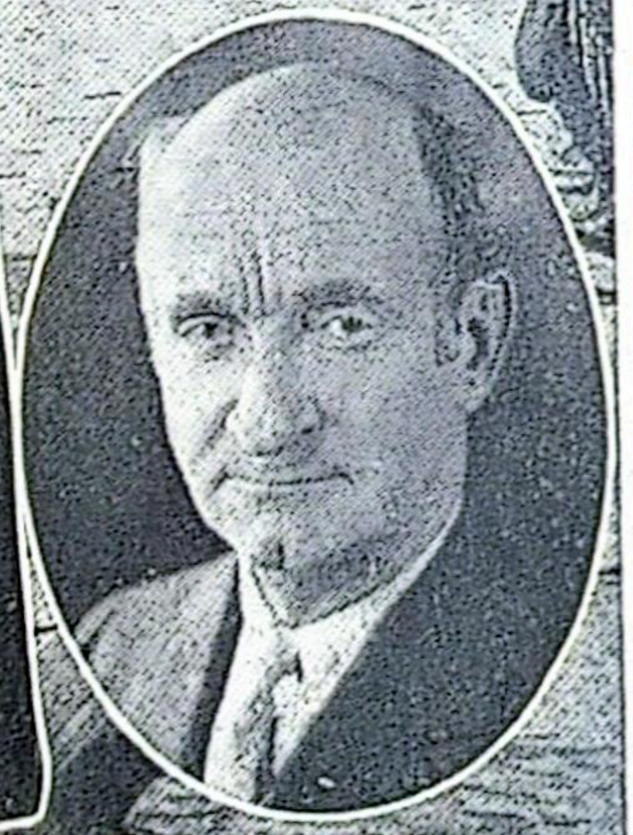
"The COHENS and KELLYS"

A Story of East Side - West Side New York

BASED ON THE PLAY "TWO BLOCKS AWAY"

By AARON HOFFMAN

GEORGE SIDNEY



CHARLIE MURRAY

ITS A UNIVERSAL JEWEL

"Popular Plays and Screen Library"

The COHENS *and* KELLYS

A Story of East-Side-West-Side New York

Based on the Play "Two Blocks Away"

by

AARON HOFFMAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

Produced and Filmed by

Universal Pictures Corporation

(in association with Faultless Pictures)

starring

GEORGE SIDNEY and CHARLIE MURRAY

JACOBSEN-HODGKINSON-CORPORATION

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THE COHENS AND KELLYS

CHAPTER I.

Pay Up

NO city in the world is so full of contrasts as New York. Beside a giant skyscraper may nestle a two story pawnshop or cheap clothing store, while around the corner from the most fashionable Fifth Avenue church may be a Busy Bee lunch counter where coffee and cakes can be had for six cents. The wealth, beauty, and fashion of the metropolis attend the one, while newsboys, clerks, and messengers, patronize the other. Wealth and poverty, business and society, seem to be pursuing here a game of hide-and-go-seek. For every stronghold of culture and fashion, there is a corresponding center of squalor and misery two blocks away.

If Gulliver should suddenly awake and find himself looking down on New York with its checkerboard streets, he would inevitably be struck by these sharp contrasts of black and

white, of rich and poor, of fashion and misery. In no other city are wealth and poverty such close neighbors.

But the sun shines for the poor as well as for the rich, and it casts its first morning beams into plebeian Second Avenue just a few seconds before it finds its way into aristocratic Park Avenue. The main difference is that the elevated structure prevents the people of Second Avenue from seeing as much of it as the Park Avenue patricians do.

No amount of sun, however, could restore the splendor to the faded and forlorn little clothing store of Jacob Cohen, huddled in between two gayly painted and overbearing competitors; one, the Hub Clothiers, and the other, Lefkowitz & Lefkowitz, fashionable haberdashers. Neither did this morning sun bring much glow into the heart of Jacob Cohen, as he sleepily stumbled down the stairs from the apartment on the second floor and opened his street door in the early morning light.

Years before, when he had hung up the sign "Jacob Cohen, Clothier", the block had been a good stand for his business. It had enabled him to raise his family and give them such advantages as few of his neighbors had enjoyed, but time, and possibly Cohen's own prosperity, had brought other and more modern clothing merchants to the block. Now the Cohen establishment, beside these up to date haberdasheries,

looked every one of its twenty-five years of paintless penury.

With the advent of his overshadowing competitors, with their alluring window displays and bargain shouting advertisements, the business of Jacob Cohen, Clothier, far from exemplifying the adage that "competition is the life of trade," was doing its level best to disappear entirely from the Cohen ledgers. With his family growing larger and his receipts growing smaller, the hard working Cohen had been doing some very serious thinking about how he would make both ends meet.

Nannie was nineteen. Soon she would be thinking of marriage. But how could he scrape together the marriage portion which every Jewish daughter is brought up to expect? How indeed? It was hard enough to provide new clothes, though Nannie more than earned her way as cashier in the store. Little Sammy was not yet able to take any share in the family upkeep except to run an occasional errand. Still he had as good an appetite as any boy on Second Avenue.

Much against his inclination Cohen had of recent years bought most of his merchandise on credit, whereas before he was able to make a still further percentage of profit by taking a discount off for cash.

These heavy obligations, which his business

seemed less and less to warrant, were weighing heavily on his mind as he staggered, sleep drunk, down the stairs and stood blinking in the early morning sunlight. Stuck through the mail slot were a letter and a Jewish newspaper. With foreboding in his manner, he reached forth his hand and took the mail. The newspaper headlines he glanced at hurriedly, and tucked it under his arm. Then he examined the letter. It was addressed to him, Jacob Cohen, and in the upper left hand corner it said, "If not delivered in six days, return to the Wholesale Credit Association."

"Oy, what a mail to get so early in the morning!"

Jacob shook his head as he inserted a clumsy and slightly trembling forefinger inside the flap at the back of the letter. The forbidding exterior did not belie the unpleasant character of the missive. In no uncertain terms it notified said Cohen, that unless a fifteen hundred dollar payment was made to his various creditors within forty-eight hours, a receiver would be asked for his business. The letter wound up with the brief statement that a representative of the Credit Association would call upon him within that time limit.

Scarcely comprehending the import of this terrible news, Cohen took off his glasses and wiped them carefully. Then he read the letter again.

It certainly looked genuine and as if the manager of the Credit Association meant what he said.

Cohen looked up at the sky. Could it be morning or was he still having the terrible nightmare which had disturbed his sleep, in which an ogre-faced monster by the name of debt had chased him for hours and hours, round and round the four long counters where his unpaid for merchandise lay under its cheap and tawdry coverings? No, it was not a nightmare. There was the sun; and crash, bang, rattle, came an early morning elevated train, thundering its way down towards South Ferry. To Jacob Cohen in his bewilderment and alarm, it seemed as though the elevated was shrieking at him.

"Pay up! Pay up! Pay up!"

CHAPTER II

The Battle of Shinbone Court

Tenement courtyards differ very little in their general characteristics. The one back of Jacob Cohen's clothing establishment was typical of ten thousand others in the greatest city on the American Continent. Wooden flights of stairs of exactly the same design and dilapidated, paintless condition led down from the second stories to the ground, beside the shuttered and barred rear doors of the stores whose fronts opened so grandiloquently on Second Avenue.

The inevitable clothes line stretched from each back porch to a corresponding back porch across the areaway, and the serried halyards of the Monday wash flapped idly and ludicrously in the morning breeze. But there was nothing distinctive, no family insignia, to distinguish the Cohen's voluminous garments from those of the Kelly's next door on the left, or the Fanazzi's on the right.

The washing of clothes was not the only effort toward cleanliness which the inhabitants of Shin-

bone Court were making that early in the morning. On the back porch of the Kelly domicile, a tall, bald-headed, red faced, individual in stocking feet, flannel shirt, and a pair of blue trousers with a stripe down the side, was vigorously engaged in performing the morning toilet. Though of middle age, Pat Kelly was in the prime of life and strength.

As he reared his six feet of muscular figure to a more or less erect position, sputtering and blowing with closed eyes, he groped with freckled hands for the rough towel hanging on the clapboard wall.

"Bejabbers, where's that spalpeen cloth? Ye'll hide away from Pat Kelly will ye? There ye be!" he exclaimed with relief, as he buried his dripping face in the none too clean towel.

With vigorous motions, indicative of his stalwart strength, he added still more redness to the already wind tanned and weather-beaten visage. The only spot which retained anything of whiteness, was that which nature originally intended to be covered with hair. But the little hair that remained as an adornment of Officer Kelly's dome, had long since receded from the top of his head and now formed a ridge of gray about his ears and his firey red neck. The action of the towel made it stand up like a halo about his shining pate.

The courtyard below was deserted except for an alert looking Irish terrier who seemed intent on extracting the last ounce of satisfaction from a much worried bone. In the general fitness of things, he belonged to the Kelly family, but his air of proprietorship seemed to indicate that the whole courtyard belonged to him. But as if to dispute this assertion, the back door of the Cohen apartment suddenly opened and a slippered foot kicked out on the back porch a canine of such questionable and mongrel ancestry as to place it in that great and populous class known as "mutt."

Mutt turned from the door closing upon his forced exit and looked down with interest into the courtyard. There was another dog—and a bone. This was a matter for investigation. Stiff legged and wary, the Cohen mutt approached the object of his canine interest. The Kelly terrier, hair bristling on his back, gave a short growl. The mongrel undismayed laid hold of one end of the bone. In another instant the quiet and peaceful yard resounded with barks and the fury of battle.

From the door of the Cohen flat, young Sammy emerged, and like King David of old, went to the assistance of his embattled playfellow. But the racket had opened other doors as well. Tiny Tim Kelly emerged from one of them, and the two boys, about the same age,

sought for an opening to separate the dogs. None appearing, they turned their attention to each other.

"What do y'mean, sickin' yer mutt on my dog?" cried Tim, aiming a kick at the growling Cohen dog.

Tim was redheaded, and the lack of one tooth and a black eye, gave every evidence of fighting proclivities and a willingness to excite them.

"Call off your own dog. He began it!" cried Sammy.

"You're a liar. Your dog tried to take Jerry's bone away from him."

"No one is gonna call me a liar. Take that!" cried the valiant Sammy, hurling himself at the redheaded scion of the Kelly's.

At almost the same instant Mrs. Cohen and Mrs. Kelly heard the battle from their respective kitchens and joined the fray. Mrs. Cohen got there first. Not that she was any faster than Mrs. Kelly. Neither of these estimable ladies weighed a pound under two hundred and eleven, but Mrs. Cohen had the shorter distance to go.

"Leave my Sammy alone, you little Irisher fighter!" cried Mrs. Cohen, ignoring the growling canines as she tried to push the redheaded Kelly youngster away from Sammy.

Mrs. Kelly with hands on hips, rage showing

in every line of her belligerent figure, shouted from the other side.

"Kape yer hands off me Timmie, or sure an' the hull Cohen family will have their eyes in mournin'!"

By this time, each boy had his own dog by the collar and was endeavoring with one hand to keep him from the other dog, while with the other he was exchanging wallops with his human adversary. The two women had turned from vituperation to action. Which pushed the other first, makes little difference to this chronicle, but it probably was Mrs. Kelly. At any rate one push led to another and each push was harder than its predecessor.

"Papa, Papa, come kvick!" shouted Mrs. Cohen as she found that Mrs. Kelly's pushes were more effective than her own.

Jacob Cohen clad in his battered dressing gown and still more or less benumbed by the terrible news he had read in the letter, stuck his bewildered head out of the back door. The scene in the courtyard banished all thoughts of creditors and debts from his mind. Hastily thrusting the letter into the pocket of his robe, he clattered hurriedly down the stairs to protect his wife.

He had scarcely reached the milling mélange of women, boys, and dogs, when Officer Kelly,

as some officers, mostly when off duty, will do when they hear a disturbance, came bounding down the stairs in full uniform, spitting on his hands as he ran. The interest of the dogs in each other did not cease and they tugged violently on the restraining hands of their young masters, but the boys and their mothers gave over their interest in the inter-family scrap to the heads of their respective households.

"Low life Irisher!" began Cohen belligerently.

"Go back into your store. Ye can't start no fight out here."

"Cornbeef and kebbage eaters!" interjected Mrs. Cohen, while Mrs. Kelly retorted with,

"Gefiltufish!"

"Bah!" yelled Sammy at Tim.

"Coward!" rejoined Timmie with relish.

In spite of these fighting words and deliberate taunts, neither Cohen nor Kelly senior showed any disposition to engage in actual combat though they stood almost toe to toe with their respective families pressing close behind them. Cohen's most vituperative emotions seldom led him into any overt action, and Kelly was not yet mad enough to forget the fact that he was an officer of the law and sworn to uphold the peace and quiet of Tammany's New York.

"Sure, and ye got me to buy that bum oil

stock, ye did!" said Kelly, seeking to divert the cause of the quarrel into more argumentative lines."

"Vell," replied Cohen, cooling off somewhat, "I bought some myself and I ain't cryin' about it yet!"

"Course ye ain't, ye fool! Faith and ye got yer dirty money back by overchargin' the poor Polocks and Eyetalians!"

"I should have yer greft from Temmeny Hall," said Cohen, backing away from the Kelly's and toward the back door of his store.

Among the early morning spectators of the Cohen and Kelly fracas, the most interested and interesting looking, were a dark eyed, dark haired, Jewish girl, and a stalwart young Irishman in the jaunty uniform of a New York traffic policeman. As the Cohens disappeared under the balcony, Nannie Cohen looked across the intervening railing at Terrence Kelly. The distressed look in her eyes turned to one of joyful greeting, and young Kelly's anxious gaze lighted into a wonderful smile of recognition.

If all of the other Cohens and Kellys were intent on battle, these two evidently had a strong bond of sympathy. A rapid interchange of signaling resulted in each diving back into the upper hallway. A moment later they appeared inside the lower hall, where both interior stairways gave into the enclosed lower courtyard. As the

Cohen family backed through the outer door, Terrence pushed Nannie back of a doorway and into a room that Jacob Cohen used for the storing of packing cases.

With one last look at the triumphant Kellys, Cohen banged the door in their grinning faces.

CHAPTER III

The Secret Lovers

Nannie Cohen was a beautiful girl. She had the dark lustrous eyes of her race, and the beautiful curly hair that needs no permanent or temporary waving. But outside of these two characteristics, there was very little to indicate that she was the daughter of Jacob and Rachel Cohen. The blood of some slender, beautiful ancestress must have re-expressed itself in the belle of Second Avenue. Her lips were vivid, beautifully shaped and not too full. Her nose was fine and sensitive, her chin beautifully moulded and feminine.

Nannie's vivid and compelling beauty was excuse enough for the determined and successful courtship of the handsome young Irish traffic policeman who lived next door.

Until the two families fell out over the unsuccessful oil investment, in which both had lost more money than they could afford, the Cohens and the Kellys had been good friends. Better probably

than if they had been of the same religious and racial persuasion.

But neither family had any inkling whatever, that the boy and girl admiration between Nannie and Terrence would have any serious result. In fact neither family had given the matter the slightest thought. The sudden severance of friendliness, however, with the necessity of substituting clandestine for open meetings, had rushed the romance of the girl and boy to a climax. All of the arguments of difference of race, and now of the bitter enmity and spitefulness between the two families, weighed as nothing against the argument of the heart.

As the Cohens retired up the stairs to their flat, Nannie sank happily into the arms of her lover behind the protecting screen of broken packing cases. Her head dropped contentedly on the blue clad breast and Terry's arms closed lovingly about her as she smiled up into his eyes. The door of the Cohen flat banged shut and a worried look came into her eyes.

"How can we ever tell them about us when they're always fighting so?" she asked.

"Don't worry, colleen mine," said Terry, petting the beautiful curly hair, "I'm sure when they do find out it will be the means of stopping all the fighting. And won't it be great news to tell, too!"

Nannie's smile was hopeful, but back of the smile lay deep distress and fear. She knew her father and she knew her people better than Terry did. But her heart told her to trust this stalwart young Irishman and Nannie had given her heart full sway. Reaching up on tiptoes she pulled his head down to her, and their lips met in a long fervent kiss.

The retreat of each undefeated and unrepentant family to its breakfast room was characteristic in the extreme. The first member of the Cohen family to recover was Ikey, the canine representative. Forgetful of everything except the immediate requirements of nature, Ikey sprang up on one of the chairs at the deserted breakfast table. Mrs. Cohen, scolding Sammy the while for starting all this rumpus, gave one outraged look at the dog.

"Down Ikey!" she cried.

And with his tail between his legs, Ikey slunk away into the kitchen. When Mrs. Cohen spoke in that tone of voice it was his turn to go and he knew it.

Jacob Cohen sank wearily into his own chair at the table. Instinctively his head sank into his hands, and Rachel, from long experience of watching her temperamental husband, started to stroke the sparse gray hair so tragically thin on his perturbed forehead. As Jacob's head sank still lower on the faded bathrobe, his chin came in

contact with the forgotten letter in the breast pocket. The remembrance of the contents of that letter came back to him with a surge of anguish. With trembling hands and an agonized look, he took it out of his pocket and handed it silently to his wife.

"Vat is it, Jacob?" asked Rachel.

"Give a look. This Kelly fighting business ain't nodings beside that letter. Now I should lose my business also!"

While Mrs. Cohen in shocked silence read the letter, Cohen rocked his head in agony from side to side. The sight of her husband's suffering was more to Mrs. Cohen than the letter. In a splendid burst of feeling, she threw her strong arms around Jacob's neck and drew his head forcibly down to her ample bosom.

Nothing could have been finer than this splendid woman's attempt to comfort her suffering husband, but in her zeal, she rather overdid the matter. From his mental anguish, Jacob's troubles were turned into real physical pain as Rachel's strong arm all but choked the breath out of the relaxed body of her husband.

"Rachel, for Aaron's sake, lay off! I choke, I die! Help!" sputtered the gasping storekeeper, as he fought for breath.

Righting himself with difficulty and purple in the face, Jacob broke the tenderly intended hold that his wife had on his neck, and felt gingerly

of his Adam's apple as he straightened up in his chair at the table.

Then his eyes lighted on Sammy who was offering a tempting bit of Bismark herring to Ikey, the dog. Ikey had noticed the preoccupation of the senior members of the family and had unostentatiously hopped back into his chair at the table. But Sammy, the little tormenter, kept the herring just a bit too far away for Ikey to close his watering jaws upon it.

"Semmy! Stop it! Stop it, I say! Already he's eating yer poor fadder into the poorhouse!"

Jacob Cohen was a man of strong emotions, so strong in fact, that it was impossible for more than one to possess him at the same time. Now he was thoroughly angered with Sammy and with the dog. Pointing his finger angrily at the latter, he continued shrilly.

"Ikey you should be satisfied mit a bone, or do you think it, I'm a rich man? I ain't! Go avay from the teble!"

One unfailing way to quiet Jacob Cohen when he was in an irate mood was known to Mrs. Cohen, and now she put this method into practise. She placed a steaming bowl of porridge in front of him. Its tantalizing aroma had never before failed to bring a smile to his face, but this time he shook his head sadly at the food.

"Ach!" he said, "I should have a eppetite ven

I'm so obset and dizzy. I couldn't tell a quarter from a nickle."

And with that he rose unsteadily from his chair and stumbled through the living room toward the stair which led down into the store.

While all unconscious of the storm and stress around her, of the mental anguish of her father and mother, of the impending ruin which hung over the establishment of Jacob Cohen, Clothier, Nannie Cohen lay happily in the strong arms of Terrence Kelly.

CHAPTER IV

The Main Entrance

On the other side of the partition, the Kelly family, moral victors in the battle of Shinbone Court, retired to a triumphant breakfast. Sergeant Kelly, as was his custom, had removed the coat of his uniform and sat in his shirt sleeves. The standup collar unrelieved by a necktie would have presented a grotesque appearance to an outsider, but Kate Kelly was used to it. Pat never wore a necktie. It wasn't needed with a police uniform.

Pat ate his food with gusto and with his knife. Having satisfied the first pangs of hunger, he glanced at young Tim. The left eye of this youngest fighting Kelly was adorned by the only evidence of combat which the Kellys had suffered. The elder Kelly gave the blackened optic a professional inspection. Then with a scowl he pointed the busy knife at his son.

"Foine lookin' Kelly ye are. Mither, where did our biy git such a eye as that?"

The knife was still pointed in the air. With his father's attention momentarily distracted from him, Tim reached his fork across the table to spear a slice of bread. But Kate Kelly had a stern eye for the proprieties. With maternal solicitude, she slapped Tim's hand.

"How many times have I told you to ask fer things like a gintleman?" she said severely, as Tim drew back his hand with a cry of pain.

"Don't let me ever see you do the likes of that again, and moind ye," admonished his father, "don't iver let me hear of ye fighting with that boy again."

Here he paused for emphasis and also for the purpose of admitting a large knifeful of potato to his already half full mouth.

"Unless," he continued in almost indistinguishable syllables, "unless ye lick him."

"A foine cop ye'd grow up to be," said Mrs. Kelly, pouring her husband another cup of coffee, "if any skinny boy could come along and clout ye on the eye like that!"

"Right ye are, Mither," said Pat. "Now Terry here—begorra, where's that biy? He'll be late at the station!"

A snicker from Tim drew the attention of his parents.

"Terry sneaked down to the store to make love to Nannie Cohen," he volunteered.

Pat Kelly gasped and choked at the very idea.

Reaching over, he gave Tim a slap which almos knocked him off the chair, and he banged th table with his fist until all the dishes jumped an rattled as he fairly snorted.

"Don't ye be slandering the name of Kell or I'll be after tannin' ye! Sure an' Terry's to foine a lad to be moonin' with wan o' that Cohen tribe!"

Biting off a huge hunk of bread to emphasiz his remarks, he continued in spite of the impedi ment, still banging on the table with his huge fists.

"Faith and I'd be disownin' a son o' mine for such a trick or me name ain't Pat Kelly."

And with a backward sweep of his hand, Pat Kelly caught the coffee-pot and knocked it off the table onto the floor, burning his hand, and leaving a widening brown streak across the red and white checkered table cloth.

"Ye're a foine wan to talk about the kids!" cried Mrs. Kelly angrily, as she retrieved the smoking coffee pot. "Ye're absolutely the worst wan in the family!"

Jacob Cohen, in as low a state of mind as it was possible for a human being to indulge in, aimlessly descended the stairs into the store. Listlessly he opened the front door. It might be for the last time. He walked out onto the sidewalk and turned to look at his window display. It was not very inspiring. Idly turning his head to the

right, where the Hub Clothiers were located, he saw a shrieking receiver's sale sign:

"Everything sold at half cost price."

Cohen rubbed his eyes. If the Hub was going out of business, what chance had he? If it was just a sale idea, the Hub was certain to draw all the patronage on the block. As he looked back at his own front, the weatherbeaten sign, "Jacob Cohen, Clothier," made him sick. In disgust he looked over to the left. Cohen's badly jarred nerves almost gave way at the Lefkowitz & Lefkowitz advertising front. A huge canvas sign, spread over their entire window, informed the public:

"Our creditors demand money."

"Everything at less than cost."

Cohen's jaw dropped, his knees sagged, and had it not been for the broom in his hands he would have had difficulty in standing. Perspiration started to pour from his forehead. Wildly he looked from one competitor's store to the other as he moved his head, slowly at first then rapidly, from side to side.

Taking in the two sale signs, an idea was born in his desperate brain. It was so audacious that he involuntarily sucked in his lips between his teeth to give himself courage. Mentally and physically his stamina was at such a low ebb that he almost renigged on himself before he finally

came to the conclusion that it was the one chance he had.

Casting all doubt and fear of consequences to the wind, Cohen dashed into the store and presently emerged with a ladder, a big canvas sign, a pot of paint, and a paint brush. Ten minutes of fast, if not too artistic, labor and Cohen was down on the sidewalk surveying the result of his handiwork. The new sign not only covered the old scarcely legible one but spread several feet on either side of it, so that it gave the impression of belonging to all three stores. In bold red letters it read:

"Main Entrance."

CHAPTER V

The Boomerang

The effect of Cohen's coup was even more startling than Cohen had hoped. Cohen even went across the street to get a long shot of it. From there anyone would have been deceived into thinking that the three stores were one and that the center door was the one to enter. Nine out of ten people would undoubtedly have gone into the center door under the main entrance sign. His worry, for the time being, giving place to entire satisfaction in his work, Cohen removed the ladder and entered the store with the paint pot.

As he passed back through the center aisle, Mrs. Cohen and Sammy came down the stairs into the store. Mrs. Cohen was carrying the cash register and almost dropped it on the floor in her surprise at the changed expression in her husband's face. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Mama, you don't know it already yet but v'er havin' a sale! Get out the hef price sales tags and put 'em on the stock. I've painted the sign

already. By eight o'clock ven ve open, by chi
miny, I show you vhere there vill be beesines

His smile and words were infectious. Coh
put every bit of his energy into everything th
he did. As he took the ladder and paint pot ba
to the closet in the back of the store, Mrs. Coh
and Sammy, all smiles, made fast the cash reg
ter and opened the drawer where the sale ta
were kept. It was not the first time these sa
tags had been used.

As Cohen replaced the ladder, he was withi
a couple of feet of Nannie and Terrence. Th
lovers held their breath as the storekeeper pass
back and forth within arm's length of them.

Finally he went out into the courtyard to wa
out the paint brush he had been using. As Coh
looked up from his task, he beheld Pat Kelly sti
in his shirt sleeves, smoking the last pipe befo
going on duty. Instantly Cohen's expressio
changed to one of pugnacity. With hands o
his hips Cohen rocked his head from side to sid
and stuck his tongue out at his next door neig
bor. With difficulty Kelly restrained a desire t
hurl more than dagger-like looks at his tormento
in the courtyard below. Seeing that his insultin
actions brought no response from Kelly, Jac
turned his back on him and bent low over th
water bucket, vigorously cleansing the brus
meanwhile.

To Timmie, who was looking out of the window back of his father, the attitude of the objectionable Mr. Cohen was extremely inviting. Quickly pulling a sling-shot from his pocket, and taking one precautionary glance into the room back of him, Timmie took careful aim at the very considerable target which Mr. Cohen presented to him. As the well aimed missile sped on its way, Timmie dodged quickly down below the window sill. With a yell of pain and mortification Cohen straightened up so suddenly that his foot kicked over the water bucket and he skidded alarmingly on one foot as he clapped his hand to the smartly stinging part of his anatomy at which Timmie had aimed.

"Oy gevalt! Vat is?"

"What's the matter Cohen," yelled Kelly, "prickly heat or are ye practisin' the Charleston?"

"Vait, you kowerd, you faker cop, I tance you von," shouted Cohen, shaking his first wildly in the general direction of Officer Kelly.

The grin on Kelly's face froze into a look of rage. Jerking the pipe from his mouth, he sprang up from his seat and dashed madly out the doorway. But Mrs. Kelly was too quick for him. As he passed her on the way to the stairs of

the porch, she made a grab for him and caught him by the suspenders. From there the majesty of the law hung shaking both fists down at Cohen but unable to advance a step in his direction.

"Jist because I can't understand yer haythen language," he fairly screamed at him, "ye can't call me names and git away with it!"

Cohen fully realized this. Panic overtook him. One look at the menacing figure on the stairs, and Cohen turned tail and started to look for a line of retreat. There was none except into the back door of his shop. Dropping his paint brush, he dashed in the door like a frightened rabbit scurrying into its burrow. He had fled half way down the aisle before he realized that this showing of the white feather would not do before his wife and son. Turning about quickly, he ran just as hard in the opposite direction in an endeavor to convince Rachel that he was merely taking his morning exercise. But Rachel was thinking of something else.

"Give a look, Jake, outside!"

And sure enough, there in front of the door, a crowd was already beginning to collect in anticipation of the bargains in clothing to be found within.

Jacob rubbed his hands in glee. His scheme was working out perfectly.

"Business is booming," he chuckled. "Meybe we should be able to save the store already!" he said, as he joined Mrs. Cohen in attaching the sales tags to his merchandise.

By this time a crowd of fifty or more people were standing impatiently outside the door waiting for eight o'clock to come. As the fateful hour approached the proprietor of the Hub alighted from a street car and unlocked his store. For a moment he could not understand why the crowd should be standing in front of Cohen's store instead of his. Before he went inside, he stepped around the back of the crowd. As he became aware of Cohen's strategem, amazement and rage took possession of him.

"The nerve of that guy!" he exclaimed, as he rushed back into the store to call up the police.

At this instant the two gentlemen who did business under the name of Lefkowitz and Lefkowitz drove up in a Ford.

"This is going to be a great day for Lefkowitz & Lefkowitz," said the senior partner, as he took out his key and adjusted it to the top padlock.

The ceremony of opening up the main door

to Lefkowitz & Lefkowitz was so well known in Second Avenue as to excite interest no longer. There were two padlocks on the door. Each partner had his own lock and his own key. Neither one could get in without the assistance of the other.

"Something fishy about this crowd, Morris," observed the junior partner, struggling with his lock, "Is Cohen having a sale, too?"

"That's right," said Morris, relocking his own safety catch, "they're all in front of his store. Let's give a look."

A howl of rage escaped him as the glaring "main entrance" sign met his astonished gaze.

Officer Kelly chose this propitious instant for emerging, spick and span in his uniform, on his way to work. He had scarcely stepped on the sidewalk before the younger Lefkowitz saw him. With one accord, the two clothiers rushed to him gesticulating wildly and talking so fast and excitedly that Kelly could make nothing of their jabber. He did see the crowd, however, and was puzzled by it. The proprietor of the Hub joined his fellow merchants and the three of them tried desperately to explain to the officer the trick that Cohen had played upon them.

"I VANT NO KELLYS COME NEAR MY FAMILEE."

"Hold yer horses, biys, and explain me what its all about—one at a time."

With one accord the three pointed at the offending sign over Cohen's store. Instantly the trick was apparent to the quick-witted Irishman. And as quickly he made up his mind what to do. Pushing the dismayed competitors to one side, the officer advanced to the waiting crowd of customers.

"Hey you, move on! Ye're obstructin' the sidewalk! It's agin the law. Move on all of yez!"

The crowd was loath to go but Kelly was adamant, and he was thorough. Pushing, pulling, threatening, he drove the crowd down the sidewalk before him until only the most persistent bargain hunters remained. The Cohens working hurriedly on the tags, still could not keep their anticipatory glances away from the front door. Mrs. Cohen was the first to discover the disaster.

"Look, Jakey, look! Kelly's drivin' them away!"

Dropping his tags, Cohen rushed for his front door. He was so eager to get out that it was all he could do to undo the lock. As he bounced out onto the sidewalk, consternation showing in his bulging eyes and perspiration

pouring forth on his face, he ran into the tall figure of the officer.

"Look vat you did! You spoiled a beesiness! The most customers vat comes to my store in five years—and you chase 'em avay!"

Kelly, loftily ignoring Cohen, turned on his heels and walked away.

CHAPTER VI

Enter Lawyer Kaatz

Without the bargain hunting crowd and without the strategic sign over the door, the business of Jacob Cohen, Clothier, was as poor as ever. Slightly poorer even, for all of the casual trade on the block dropped in either at Lefkowitz & Lefkowitz or the Hub Clothiers where the sales signs were in the windows rather than on the stock tags. The first thing that the Messrs. Lefkowitz had done, after Kelly had so majestically dispersed the mob in front of the door, was to yank down the offending "Main Entrance" sign.

Only three or four early morning customers had come in before a taxi drew up to the curb and a dapper looking young man with a black derby hat, a dark suit with neatly penciled white stripes, a legal looking brief case, and an alert air, descended to the sidewalk. He looked up sharply at the name over the door and compared it with a slip of paper in his hand, as he paused

again before entering, after the taxi had driven away.

Jacob Cohen, looking out of the door, espied him. With his dream of a gigantic sale faded from his mind, Jacob's thoughts had reverted to the letter he had received that morning with its forty-eight hour ultimatum. Jacob's eyes took in the stranger at a glance. The brief case was conclusive. It must be the lawyer. Suffering the agonies of the damned, Cohen slunk away from the entrance into the back of the store as the newcomer with eager and purposeful steps advanced and looked about the interior of the shop.

Seeing Mrs. Cohen behind the cash register, the lawyer advanced to her, bowed in an exaggerated manner, and handed her his card. With trembling fingers and apprehensive eyes she read,

"Milton J. Kaatz, Attorney-at-Law."

The worst had happened. It was undoubtedly the lawyer from the creditor's association. As she scanned his features for some ray of hope and met confirmation of her deepest fears in the brief case in his hand, her eyes involuntarily looked beyond him at her husband. Jacob, rallying his shaken nerves for one last effort, was shaking his head frantically and waving both hands in all of the gestures of denial of which his sign language is capable.

Interpreting the gestures correctly, and gain-

ing hope that Jacob had thought of a feasible plan, Rachel came back to earth with a thud, and with a most unnaturally saccharine smile,

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kaatz," began Rachel, "but Mr. Cohen isn't in." And with more confidence, "I t'ink he vas out by the country mit his banker shootin' some golfs."

However surprised Mr. Milton J. Kaatz might have been by this pretended early morning diversion of Mr. Cohen on the first business day of the week, he did not let his surprise show in his face. He returned Mrs. Cohen's smile and nodded his head in a meaning manner.

Jake, on the other hand, was tickled to death with the resourcefulness of his wife and he showed it in every line of his face and figure. Smiling broadly and tucking his fat thumbs into the armholes of his vest, he advanced incautiously toward the two. But as Kaatz started to turn in his direction, he sprang into a new character with remarkable agility for a man of his build and age. Snatching a hat from one of the clothing dummies, Jacob immediately became a dispassionate and critical customer in his own store. Nonchalantly he advanced to Mrs. Cohen and said,

"I would like for to look at your socks, lady."

Smiling a perfect saleslady's smile, Mrs. Cohen started into a beautiful sales talk.

"Vat size please? Ve hev still a fine stock. Beezness has been tremendous good lately but Jacob Cohen's still got the best bargains in socks on Second Avenue. Positivl!"

Apparently satisfied that his further presence would merely hinder a good sale, Mr. Kaatz lifted his hat to Mrs. Cohen and looking at his watch walked out the door. Until the sound of his footsteps could no longer be heard, the storekeeper and his wife maintained their little masquerade. Then Cohen smiling broadly put the hat back on the dummy and walking back of the counter patted his wife on the shoulder.

"Rachel you should hev been a great actress. You vas splendid!"

"Yah," said Rachel proudly, "but vat we goin' to do yet ven Meester Milton J. Kaatz comes beck again already?"

"Nefer you mind, Rachel. Don't worry. As Chorge Vashington said, nefer give up the shop'."

"Sh-h-h-h, Jakey, a buyer you are again."

In consternation Jacob saw the lawyer again entering the store, and with the same celerity he picked up the nearest hat he could find and slid around to the other side of the counter. He wasn't so fortunate this time because he had picked a pearl colored derby, whereas the hat he had worn before was a black one. Furthermore,

this hat was two sizes too big for Jacob's head and came down over his eyes and was only prevented from resting on his hunched up shoulders by a congenitally protruding pair of ears. To Mrs. Cohen's consternation too, one of the sales tags she had so industriously attached that morning, stood out like an accusing finger in the band of the grotesque looking derby.

Whether by design or through forgetfulness, Lawyer Kaatz had deposited his brief case on the counter when he took his card from his pocket, and had left it there when he departed from the store. He advanced to retrieve it with elaborate apologies to Mrs. Cohen. All would have been well if his glance had not strayed to the ridiculous figure of Jacob Cohen encased in the derby like a helmeted knight of old with visor closed for battle. The surprise of Mr. Kaatz was genuine and unconcealed. It was distinctly up to Jacob to say something reassuring. The situation was becoming more and more embarrassing. But Jacob was stumped. It was his wife who came to his rescue.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen. I gif you the wrong hat. It's too big."

"Yah, yah, I take the other one."

"You know I like to trade here. Mister Cohen vas such a fine man, so honest, and so is

his vif. Say, I bet his creditors nefer vorry none about his payin' them."

But it was fully five minutes after Kaatz had tipped his hat again and withdrawn with the recovered brief case, before the property smiles of Jacob and Rachel Cohen left their faces.

CHAPTER VII

The Desperate Love Affair

Though he should have been at the station long ago, Terrence Kelly lingered in the embrace of his sweetheart. The opportunities for the courtship of the young traffic officer and Nannie Cohen had been so few and their meeting places so unconventional that they took full advantage of the little storeroom behind Cohen's shop. Besides this was one of those desperate love affairs which throve most successfully on stolen meetings and parental opposition. The passage of time had no meaning to Terrence, though the practical Nannie, great as was her love, had made several efforts to tear herself away.

"Terrence, you must go. Its awful late."

"Yes, sweetheart, I know, but you haven't promised yet."

"I'm afraid they would take on terribly, both of them. They would never let us."

"Well we're going to do it anyway, and this business of keeping it secret isn't getting us anything. If they find it out someway, it will be much worse than if we'd told them."

"Yes, that's true," admitted Nannie—

"Well, let's tell 'em then."

Had they but known it, a mischievous black eye was focused at a convenient peek hole in the partition that separated the storeroom from the back yard.

Sammy Cohen and Timmie Kelly had both known of the surreptitious love affair, and boy-like, each had endeavored in his own way to profit by it.

Now Sammy Cohen decided to take advantage of the latest and best opportunity he had had. Removing his eye from the knot hole, he stood boldly in the doorway of the little cubby hole, pointing a finger at his sister in mock accusation.

"Say, Nannie, gimme a quarter? I wanna take me girl to the movies."

"You naughty boy!" cried Nannie, putting her hand over his mouth so that her father could not hear the rumpus in the back of the store.

"You little limb of satan!" cried Terrence. "So you're starting already to be a blackmailer!"

Sammy did not know what a blackmailer was but it did not sound nice. Wriggling free from Nannie's grasp, he shouted,

"You just wait 'til I tell Pa I saw you kiss her!" and darted away.

Sammy was rather startled at the strange attitude of his father and mother, for his father still had on the pearl colored derby and his mother the expression of one who awaited the return of an unpleasant experience. But Sammy's news could not wait. It had to be delivered in a hurry.

"You should look out in the storeroom once, Pa! Nannie's huggin' and kissin' that Terry Kelly!"

To the Cohens, this announcement was even more upsetting than the return of the lawyer. For an instant they looked unbelievingly at each other then back at Sammy. Sammy pointed corroboratingly toward the back door.

The thought of his daughter kissing a Kelly drove Cohen into the most terrible fit of rage that he had in that entire emotional morning. Tearing off the pearl derby, he cast it with violence on the floor, and was about to jump on it with both feet, when Mrs. Cohen made a dash for it. Realizing how close he had come to ruining three dollars and ninety-eight cents worth of perfectly good stock, Cohen reached down and picked up the derby, carefully dusting it off, a pained and contrite expression on his face. The thought of Nannie though, spurred

him on. Donning the derby again he starte rapidly for the back of the shop, followed b Mrs. Cohen and Sammy.

As he hove in sight, Terrence was just takin one last farewell kiss. Sammy's accusations ha ample corroborative evidence. Even the ridic lously over-sized hat could not take away a ce tain dignity from the righteously indignant pa ent, as he grasped Terrence by the arm.

"Loafer! Gonneff! Your fadder took ava from me my beeziness, and now you try to tak my Nannie!"

"But Mr. Cohen, you don't understand! Yo see, Nannie and I love each other. We—"

But Cohen had taken his daughter in his arm and held her in a protective embrace as he inte rupted the younger Kelly.

"Sneak thief! Do you think for vun minu I should let a Kelly lof my daughter? Not b my life! I vant nothing from a Kelly excep you stay away from my girl, you son of a- son of a—cop!!"

"And you, my little Nannie," holding the gi at arm's length, "you—"

"Papa, don't be so mad vit Nannie! Leav her to me!"

But Cohen was not to be silenced. He opene his mouth to let forth another tirade but Mr

Cohen was more than a match for her husband.

"Jacob, Mr. Kaatz may be beck any moment."

Cohen's rage fell from him instantly and with an apprehensive look on his face he marched back into the store, his expressive hands gesticulating his mingled emotions behind his back.

CHAPTER VIII

Officer Terry Takes a Day Off

In spite of this disastrous beginning, this day had been a glorious one for Nannie Cohen and Terrence Kelly. Terrence had secured a vacation for the day from the traffic sergeant. Then having made certain mysterious arrangements, Terrence returned to his home, doffed his uniform, and arrayed himself in his best fitting holiday clothes.

Mrs. Kelly was suspicious.

"I hope it's not goin' out with that Nannie Cohen, ye are?" she said, as she surveyed the immaculate Terrence. "Ye have no doubt of yer father's opinion of the Cohen's. Bad cess to them all! Except Nannie, I kinda like Nannie meself, but she ayn't no guirl for a Kelly. Can't ye find no Irish lass that ye should be wastin' yer toime and money on that soft-eyed haythen?"

Terrence looked at his mother long and seriously. Did he dare confide the innermost secrets of his heart to her? Or would his own family be as unresponsive as the Cohens had

been that morning to the mere suggestion of his paying attention to Nannie?

"Nothin' but bad luck iver came of an Irish lad payin' court to a Jewess. I'm warnin' ye, Terry, cut it out! Where be ye after goin' with all the foine clothes?"

True love was leading Terry fast into one deception after another, and much as he hated it, he took the line of least resistance.

"The sergeant gave me leave of absence to-day and to-night, so I'll be prayin' in the Cathedral all day, and if Father O'Toole sees me so devout, he'll probably invite me to dinner at the Parish House."

And with that Terrence chucked his mother under the chin and went whistling gayly down stairs into Shinbone Alley.

In the court below, a well known whistle summoned Nannie Cohen from the back of her father's store to one of their infrequent meetings just around the corner.

If the day had dawned unpropitiously for Terrence and Nannie, it had remained as threatening as it had begun for Jacob Cohen. Successful, as he had been in evading the visit of the lawyer, the dread of his return was ever present in the storekeeper's mind. Every time the door opened Jacob's hand went out for a hat and by the time night had fallen he had put on almost every hat in the store.

Second Avenue shops did not close at six o'clock like the department stores around Herald Square. In fact their best trade usually came after dwellers in the neighborhood had returned from their own labor. As Jacob was eating his dinner he wondered idly whether lawyers shut up shop at six o'clock, or whether he still had to worry about the receivership being clamped on him that night. Certainly the receipts of the day gave no promise of his being able to raise the large amount which the letter had demanded for his creditors.

Jacob frowned as he counted the number of "no sales" slips in the little cash register. Mrs. Cohen was sitting in the aisle, busy mending a pair of his socks. Jacob looking up from his task gloomily, pushed his glasses up on his forehead, and rubbed his tired eyes as a thought struck him.

"Where's Nannie?" he asked anxiously.

"To the pitchers," replied Mrs. Cohen, rolling her eyes romantically in the effort to cheer up her despondent husband, "to see 'The Great Lover.'"

For an instant Mrs. Cohen's sally had the desired effect. In memory Jacob went back to the time when he and Rachel were young, and when such a romantic title would have touched them both. Then with a start he shook himself back into reality again.

"So I should be payin' for lof lessons," he

said, half in jest and half in anger, then wholly in anger, "for Nannie and that Irish speed cop!"

Mrs. Cohen, the dreamy light still in her eyes, shook her head. Jacob nodded his. Rachel shook hers harder. Jacob nodded his more positively, so positively in fact that he felt the need of still further expression and banged his open hand down hard on the counter. But at that precise spot on the counter there rested a perfectly fresh and businesslike piece of flypaper. His efforts to dislodge the flypaper engaged the other hand, and in an instant Jacob was struggling in the throes of physical conflict which matched the mental one he had been in all day.

"Mama! Mama!" he cried, "Help me! To even think of those Kellys should cause me trouble!"

Upstairs in the Kelly flat all was serene. Pat was reading proudly the evening paper account of a prize fight. Mrs. Kelly, looking for a record to play on the victrola, glanced over his shoulder as her husband chuckled over his reading. The headlines shouted:

"SHAMUS O'BRIEN THE IRISH TERROR
WHIPS KID COMINSKY IN SIX-ROUND BOUT"

Kelly, his coat and collar off, his stocking feet on the seat of another chair, turned proudly to his wife,

"Accordin' to the paper here," he said proudly, "anither Irishman won a fight. Faith and begorra, the Irish are a foine race!"

Mrs. Kelly, who had never doubted this in all her life, went back to her search. Nothing seemed so appropriate to her as "Where the River Shannon Flows." While she adjusted it on a battered little phonograph, Kelly asked, idly turning the pages of the paper,

"Where did that young devil Terry say he was agoin'?"

"Why he said as how he was goin' to the Parish House to chin with young Father O'Toole."

But if the Kellys, who thought their son was at the Parish House, and the Cohens, who thought their daughter was at the movies, could have looked a dozen blocks up Second Avenue, the calm and peaceful scenes being enacted in each home would have changed instantly to riot and reviling.

CHAPTER IX

Lawyer Kaatz Returns

Terrence had not been to the Parish House at all, and Nannie had not been to the movies, and now they were walking down Second Avenue toward home, happier than they had ever been before and utterly oblivious to everything save themselves and their own love. As they passed a furniture store, Nannie stopped and pointed,

"Wouldn't that be grand, Terrence?"

"I'll say it would, sweetheart, but not half good enough for you."

"Why Terry, that's what you've been saying all the way down the Avenue and they're getting more expensive all the time. I hope you're not going to turn out like that finale hopper in the 'Taming of the Shrew' who wouldn't let his Kate have anything to eat because it wasn't good enough for her. I'd put up with crackers in milk served on a wash tub for you, Terry."

And again they wandered on deeply engrossed with the ethereal side of their young romance,

As they reached the shabby little store front, Nannie was all for saying the hasty little good-by which had always been their habit, but Terrence would have none of it.

"Sweetheart, this has got to be told sooner or later. Why not do it now?"

And stilling her tumultuous protests, with strong and loving hands he picked her up in his arms and carried her into the store, to the strains of "Where the River Shannon Flows," sung in triumph by the head of the house of Kelly.

This song was a pet aversion of Jacob Cohen's. Maybe it was the way Pat sang, and maybe it was the significance of the song. The two saw that Jacob was sitting in his chair with his fingers stuffed in his ears, a look of intense agony depicted upon his wreathing face.

When Mrs. Cohen saw the two lovers in the doorway, she made frantic efforts to induce them to retire. She had to stop motioning when her husband looked at her, but the instant he glanced away her efforts were redoubled.

As luck and the phonograph needle would have it, the River Shannon quit flowing at this instant, and Jacob, whose sensibilities were keen, removed his fingers from his ears. Sensing a presence behind him, and ever on the qui vive for the return of Lawyer Kaatz, he sprang up to face the intruder. The sight which met his eyes was even worse than he feared. Looking

about wildly, he rushed behind the counter, pulled open a drawer, and brandishing an old-fashioned revolver rushed toward Terrence Kelly. Nannie screamed; Terrence's face lost its assurance; but Mrs. Cohen rushed frantically to intercept her irate husband. For an instant the two struggled desperately in the aisle and Jacob handed over the gun.

"You should spoil everything!" he cried disgustedly, "Ven you know it's been broke for fifteen years."

Then rushing past his wife and pulling Nannie away from Terry's embrace, he shouted.

"Now for the lest time, you low-life, keep from my Nannie avay! Get out of here! Get out before my temper's broke!"

"But Mr. Cohen, let me —"

"Oh Terry, not to-night, not to-night, please!"

And with all the eloquence of hands and eyes, Nannie forced her lover to submit. Meekly and without another word Terrence started down the aisle for the back door.

Not at all satisfied with this easy victory, Cohen followed closely after him. As Terrence was ascending the back stairs of his father's apartment slowly and disconsolately, Cohen brandished his fists at him and shouted,

"Sooner should I see my girl dead than hev her out with you or any of your family!"

It was a vainglorious and dangerous gesture.

The Kellys, Patrick, Kate, and Timmie, ha heard. Rallying to the defense of the fam as they always did, the three came tumbling ou onto the back porch. The sight of his son re treating from the wrathful clothier was too muc for his Irish blood.

"May the saints pertect ye. If I wussen't a officer of the law, I'd come down there and wip up the court with ye!"

"If you'd keep your loafer son avay from my Nannie, my eyes vouldn't be so sore from th sight of Kellys, alvays Kellys."

In vain Kate Kelly tried to calm her husband; in vain Mrs. Cohen motioned to Jacob to come back into the store. Neither woman wanted a repetition of the disgraceful scene of the morning, but Kelly had been hit in a vital spot. Seizing his son by the arm and holding him in a grasp of iron, he fairly bounded down the stairs into the courtyard.

"Sure if all that's biting ye is me biy Terry galavantin' around with yer guirl, we'll shtop that once fer all!"

With a grandiloquent gesture to Cohen as though he were holding up traffic, Pat turned to his son, a terrible light in his eyes,

"Listen to me, son, if yez iver agin so much as look at Nannie here, ye'll be after findin' an ither boardin' place. D'ye hear?"

Terry still grasped by the arm, looked help

lessly at Nannie as she stood trembling behind her mother. He did not reply. Taking silence for consent, Kelly turned back to Cohen. Shaking his fist toward the smaller man, he hissed,

"And as fer ye, y'little sawed-off herring, ye keep yer daughter to home. I don't niver want to see no Cohens even lookin' in the direction of the Kelly flat agin!"

Into this scene of inter-racial bickering, stepped the jauntily clad figure of Milton J. Kaatz. In his hand he held the brief case of doom. Finding no one in the front of the store, he had made his way toward the back, attracted by the sounds of battle in the court-yard. As Cohen stood speechless under the last terrible ultimatum of Kelly, Mr. Kaatz interjected mildly.

"Just a minute folks, what seems to be the matter here?"

Everyone turned toward the intruder. Cohen gave a gasp of horror. Suddenly his collar seemed altogether too tight for him. No hat was handy for a disguise this time. He was caught red-handed. Helplessly he looked toward his wife but for once no help came from the fertile brain of this quick-witted helpmeet. Suddenly in the very depths of his desperation, a brilliant idea came to Cohen. As Kaatz advanced rather patronizingly toward the group, Jacob suddenly grabbed Kelly's hand and shook it with fervor.

Smiling broadly up into the face of his late adversary, he declared gushingly.

"Thet's right, Mr. Kelly, positivl! And ven Mr. Cohen returns from Philadelphia, I should tell him so."

Seldom in all his life had Kelly been more astonished. For an instant he permitted his hand to be shaken. Then the thought of Cohen's duplicity that morning in front of the store came to his mind like a flash. Cohen was up to some such scheme again. Well, he wouldn't let him get away with it—he wouldn't.

"Cut the comedy, Cohen, yer not kiddin' annybody but yerself."

The effect of his words on the little group was electric. Cohen gasped in horror. He sort of sunk into himself. His knees knocked together and his hand dropped limply from that of Officer Kelly. Most amazed of all was Lawyer Kaatz, but he it was who recovered first. Extending his hand to the inert Cohen, he said, with a broad grin,

"I'm so glad I found you, Mr. Cohen. This is indeed a great pleasure."

While the Kellys looked on curiously, Cohen of necessity accepted Kaatz's hand and congratulations. With a gesture of resignation, he replied weakly,

"The pleasure should be all yours, only vhy

didn't you vait the forty-eight hours like it said in your letter?"

Then realizing that his discomforture was all too public, he motioned the perplexed lawyer inside.

"Come by the store," he said.

It was a mournful procession that filed into the clothing shop. That is, everyone was mournful except Kaatz and he was laughing.

"For vhy you laugh to take avay a man's beeziness?" demanded Cohen sulkily.

"If you knew what I know you'd laugh too, Mr. Cohen. I have good news for you."

"Good news you got? Yah, meybe you mean it's good news because you ain't goin' to take avay my life, too?"

"I don't know what you were expecting," said Lawyer Kaatz, "but this is what you get: I have just discovered that you are heir to two million dollars!"

CHAPTER X

A Dream Come True

If Milton J. Kaatz had produced an eviction order to be served immediately, the effect of his words could not have been more startling than was the announcement of the two million dollar inheritance. Poor Jacob Cohen tottered drunkenly on his tired feet. Reeling backward as though from a blow, his heels struck the legs of a chair and he flopped into its embrace with the elasticity of a sack of cement. Jacob Cohen was not a man of any particular imagination or it would have occurred to him that Kaatz might have been playing a joke on him. Cohen took everything seriously. His great fear now, was that he might be out of his head, and that the lawyer's announcement and the visions of wealth and luxury which it conjured up might be the evidence of a deranged mind.

Once Cohen had had a dream, a dream which he had remembered in startling detail the next morning. In this dream he was keeping a swell cloak and suit business in some far eastern land

where the ladies wore very little but ropes of beads, diaphanous veils, and Turkish slippers. The cloak and suit business was strangely mixed up with ropes of diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, pearls, rubies, and amber. But Cohen had the very best trade in town, and in his dream he went home from business every night on an aerial Bagdad carpet, and through the mere clapping of his hands was able to produce anything which his heart desired. Whenever Cohen wished to let his mind rest on anything pleasant it always reverted to that dream.

But this might be a dream also. Slowly he took his pudgy fingers from his eyes and looked out toward his front door. To his amazement, it was revolving like a ferris wheel and all of the counters and the stock upon them were turning upside down. Strangely enough, though they were not very close, their movement stirred an amazing breeze. Cohen shook his head and rubbed his eyes.

The next time he opened them he realized where the breeze came from. Mrs. Cohen and Nannie were fanning his face with aprons, hats, and the evening paper. They stood over him like the handlers of a prize fighter endeavoring to bring their principal back to the fight. Cohen looked up at his wife half sheepishly, half fearfully, but there was only relief and gladness in her eyes. Then he glanced over at the lawyer.

Kaatz was taking a legal looking docum bound with red tape and sealed with a huge from the brief case. For some reason or oth it no longer looked ominous to Jacob. It the finest looking brief case he ever saw.

"Is it true, Mr. Kaatz?" asked Sammy, d ing about the lawyer in his excitement.

"Most assuredly," said Mr. Kaatz.

Before the last syllables were spoken, Sam was rushing down the aisle and out the door. To the world in general and the Ke family in particular, he yelled out the back do

"My Pa's just 'herited a billion dollars! An to-night we're goin' to move away from Kellys!"

For once Timmie was struck dumb. His li which had started to frame the words "I c lick" refused to proceed any farther in their tr He left young Sammy to make all the faces liked, a victor on the eve of his departure fr Shinbone Alley.

When he returned, Lawyer Kaatz was pr paring to take his departure. But Sammy, w had an unerring eye for such things, noticed w mingled feelings, the very evident admirat which Kaatz expressed with his eyes and the to of his voice for his beautiful sister. Taking h hand in his and bowing low over it, he said in l meaningful tones,

"I sincerely hope that my association with your father will make us better acquainted."

Nannie, too, was sensitive to the meaning of his glance, and blushed beautifully as she gave him a forced frightened little smile. Shaking hands with her parents, Kaatz bowed politely and bade them good-night.

With the lawyer's exit, Cohen rebounded to the reality of things like a rubber ball. Snatching up the newspaper from the floor, he took a pencil from his pocket and started to figure what his interest would be at six per cent. Then he showed the figures to Rachel.

"Vhy Papa, you figure all wrong! At six per-cent. the interest vould be a hundred twenty tousand dollairs, and you hev only hundred and eight tousan'!"

"Yah, but Mama I ain't old enough to retire from beeziness already yet. You know vat I do? I go in the stylish ladies cloak and suit beeziness like I alvays wanted to. I put two hundred tousan' dollars by it. Many times I figure up vat I vould do vid two hundred tousan dollairs. Now I do it. Svell big front: 'Jacob Cohen, Stylish Ladies' Cloak & Suits' over the door, svell clerks, shiny floors, everything de best,—thet's a beeziness!"

"And you, little Mama," Jacob rattled on, patting his wife's hand, "for you I buy diamonds and pearls and silik and furs. Oy, but you vill

be svell! Instead of goin' by the store as here, you vill ride around all day in the Rolls Royce vid the chuffer. Efery day, you go at the matinee. And the home vat ve vill hev! Oy! Oy! Right by the Venderbilts, the Sekses, the Sterns, the Strausses, and the Morgans. And ve should a butler hev and meybe two maids, and mahogany furniture, and an band to play at supper. And in the summertime, the Catskills—nine—ten dollars a day—poof—nothing too svell for Jacob Cohen's vife!"

"And Nannie here, she should go avay to school. We mek her a fine ledy and marry her to a nice Jewish benker or broker, not the Irish low-life speed cop."

"And little Semmy here can hev all the ice cream he vants."

"Kippered herring!" ejaculated Sammy, his eyes big with anticipation.

"And some nice boys to fight vid!"

"Father, can I go to a military academy?"

"Yah, Yah," replied his father, "better yet you become a soldier than a box fighter!"

CHAPTER XI

Two Blocks Away

Six months have made the Cohens over from Second Avenue penury to Park Avenue magnificance. Everyone of Jacob Cohen's dreams had come true—the stylish ladies cloak and suit business, the mansion with the butler, the private school for Nannie, the Rolls Royce, and the magnificant clothes for Rachel; wealth, luxury, servants, a million miles from Second Avenue, yet only two blocks away.

Outside the stately looking entrance stood a Rolls Royce town car, a liveried chauffeur in attendance, and on the side of the door the large initial letters, "J. C." Inside the Cohens were dining. And in celebration of Nannie's return from school, Jacob had hired an orchestra.

It was a very brave showing which the Cohen family, late of Second Avenue, made—Cohen, Lawyer Kaatz, and the other male guests, in full evening attire; Mrs. Cohen, dressed like a young jewelry store and laced within a half inch of

her life. A jeweled bandeau and a hundred dollars worth of false hair, gave her an appearance which she herself regarded as queenly. Jacob's clothing, too, was stylish but far from comfortable. But what were such little discomforts as style demanded compared with the joy of the occasion? Young Sammy sat quite still, for him, in all the pride and pomp of a sky blue military uniform, boasting his first pair of long trousers and a glorious Sam Brown belt.

The thing that was uppermost in Jacob's mind as he glanced proudly around the table was the happiness of Nannie. Everything else that a man could possibly do for his family Jacob Cohen had done joyfully and grandly. But Nannie must be provided for. Her happiness must be assured. And to Jacob, Nannie's happiness meant just one thing. She should be happily married to a prosperous suitor of her own race. All this foolishness about the young Kelly person must be forgotten. That was taken for granted.

As his eyes wandered in the direction of his daughter, he entirely overlooked the longing in Nannie's eyes, the nervousness of her hands, and the paleness of her usually rosy cheeks. All he could see, and it gave him great satisfaction, was the energetic and enthusiastic manner in which young Kaatz was taking advantage of the opportunity presented by his proximity to Nannie's

"Sweet Roo-o-si-ee O'Gra-a-dy"
"Better Yat They Should Choke!"

the table. It was perfectly evident as Jacob nodded to Rachel, that the Cohens were quite satisfied with the love making and the suit of Mr. Milton J. Kaatz. Behind his hand, Jacob whispered,

"They should be meking a fine match, Mama! Ven they get married I should mek him my partner, huh?"

Rachel looked quickly at her daughter before replying, and she saw what her husband did not, that Nannie was not apparently as much pleased with Kaatz as they would have her be.

"You're alvays such a rusher, Papa! Nannie's just home from school and right avay you should be talking marriage beeziness!"

Cohen was about to reply to this rebuff in kind when young Sammy spoke up,

"Papa, I saw Timmie to-day, and we didn't fight."

The mention of the Kellys was always a red flag to Cohen.

"Semmy, Semmy, how many times I told you not to talk about Irish piples in this house? Some other time I should give you cuffings before company!"

Although she was busy restraining her explosive husband, Mrs. Cohen could not help but note the eagerness in Nannie's eyes at the mention of the name of Kelly. Lawyer Kaatz saw it too, and he did not like it for an instant. But Sammy

was not discouraged by his father's admonition.

"I'll bet I *could* lick him, though! I can fight better now."

Cohen jumped up from his chair and shook his fist at his son. Then he turned to his wife,

"Alvays he talks about lickin' somevun. Do you raise our Sammy to be a box fighter, I esk you?"

"But come," he said, "a surprise I hev for Nannie. Oy, such a surprise!"

As the dinner guests adjourned to the drawing room, the orchestra removed to the music room just beyond. As Cohen walked into the drawing room, he continually nudged his wife. In Second Avenue this would have been taken in very good part, and the only objection Rachel had to it now, was the very real danger that something important might give way, for Rachel was laced to the very point of explosion. When Jacob had the little group of expectant guests all lined up and waiting, he began with a broad smile of delight,

"Friends, I hev bought a little surprise for Nannie in honor of her coming beck from school. Mr. Ketz, I esk you to fold-blind her eyes."

To Kaatz this was the pleasantest of duties and with a broad smile, he walked behind Nannie and covered her eyes with his hands.

Though Nannie submitted gracefully, she gave a look toward her mother which indicated

anything but happiness at the touch of Kaatz's hands.

Cohen tiptoed up to Nannie, took the preliminary look to see that she was properly hoodwinked, and then produced from his pocket a beautifully tooled little leather box which he opened. To the assembled company he revealed with pride, a beautiful diamond and platinum lavallière and chain.

Everyone except Nannie, of course, who could not see, went into ecstasies over the gift. Most impressed of all was Milton J. Kaatz.

"Oh boy! It must have cost ten thousand dollars, if it cost a cent!"

Cohen looked at him a moment, a derisive gleam in his wise old eyes, and shaking his head from side to side, he replied,

"Oy, oy, Ketz, you should once price diamond lavallières and platinum chains vidout discount!"

With this remark, Cohen put the lavallière over Nannie's head and drew away Kaatz's hands from her eyes. Nannie was overcome by the magnificance of the gift. With delighted eyes and trembling hands she almost burst into tears as she threw her arms about her father's neck and rained kiss after kiss on his cheeks and forehead. Cohen proudly stroked his daughter's hair and hugged her tight.

"Oh Father, you shouldn't buy me such expensive gifts as this. I'm afraid you'll spoil me!"

"Fuey! Nothing should be too good for my Nannie or my family. Nefer was your papa so proud and heppy. It should be a lucky day for the man who should be my son-in-law!"

With this sally, Cohen, still holding his daughter, grinned meaningly into the face of Mr. Kaatz. Nannie caught the look, and she also observed with trepidation the confident and proud look on Kaatz's face, and the involuntary swelling of his chest. It filled her with fear and foreboding. But again the irrepressible Sammy came to the fore.

"Gee!" he cried, "It's as big as the headlight on Terry Kelly's motorcycle!"

Cohen released his daughter, and in rage, started for his son.

"For the lest time, Sammy Cohen, I should tell you to keep a geg on your mouth! Mama, you tend to him! I should forget myself!"

CHAPTER XII

Terry Answers an Appeal

On Second Avenue the subject of Jacob Cohen's miraculous good fortune was almost a threadbare one, but it kept popping up in the Kelly household. On this particular night while the Cohens were dining in state, the Kellys had an equally satisfying meal of cornbeef and cabbage. As soon as the appetite of the youngest Kelly would permit of conversation, he made an announcement which he knew would be a bomb-shell, and knowing it, delighted all the more in the act.

"Saw Sammy Cohen to-day," he said with a wicked grin at his brother Terrence. "He's back from military school."

Eager questioning leaped into Terrence's eyes but his lips said nothing. Pat Kelly, on the other hand, frowned forbiddingly on his youngest son and asked,

"Did ye wollap 'im?"

"Nope! Didn't find no good place to fight."

"Huh!" said his father, "It's a foine Kelly ye'll be growin' up to be!"

And he jammed his fork into another piece of cornbeef and deftly jerked it over onto his plate.

Timmie knew very well that Terrence was dying to know about Nannie, and he purposely held back this information to tease his brother. But Terrence had a firm hold on himself. He made no sign. Suddenly Timmie said,

"Sammy's sister's back from school, too!"

The joy in Terrence's face was so apparent and his involuntary "ah" of delight so audible that the whole family turned its attention upon him. Pat as usual was disgusted with his son.

"Oi'm surprised at ye, lad!" he began in a sour tone of voice,

"Faith an' no Kelly was iver accused of bein' a forchune hunter before!"

With that he banged his fist down on the table. It wasn't the first time the subject had come up, but all of Terry's pleasure at the knowledge that Nannie was in town was now turned to sorrow. He was bitterly hurt by his father's cruel insinuation.

It was Mrs. Kelly who took up the cudgels for her son. In this constant difference of opinion between the father and the son, the mother usually sided with Terrence, because Terrence had so little to say for himself. And Terrence

was more than well off to have a partisan like his sharp-tongued mother.

"Sure an' no Kelly oi've iver known," she rejoined pointedly "could run fast enough to catch a forchune!"

Ever since the ascent of the Cohens from poverty to wealth, such allusions as this shut the elder Kelly up as though he'd been sandbagged. It was not until Mrs. Kelly had left the room and was safely out of hearing that Kelly turned to his son and said in a much more sympathetic tone,

"Sure me bhoy an' it's good advise oi'm givin' ye. Even if it wasn't fer her bein' a Cohen, she's rich now an' ye're poor. Ye moight as well be wantin' the moon!"

Though the tone was meant to be friendly, the words made Terrence wince in spite of himself. Without answering his father, he got up from the table and followed his mother into the kitchen. Here his hopeless, anxious, look drew one of those rare evidences of deep maternal affection from his mother. Kate Kelly understood and sympathized deeply with her son although down in her heart she felt that it would be better if Terry could forget Nannie Cohen.

Their moment of embrace was interrupted by Pat hammering on the table with his knife. Officer Kelly did not relish being left alone at table.

As soon as his mother had left him, Terry

pulled out from his inner pocket, a letter, and for the twentieth time, as though he had never seen it before, read its brief, poignant, message: "Darling Terry,

School is over and I'm hurrying to pack and come home. I can scarcely wait until I see you. There is something so very important that I must tell you at once. It's driving me to distraction.

All my love,

Your lonesome Nannie."

All day he had been trying to make up his mind what to do. Possibly it was his father's lack of sympathy and his mother's understanding of his heart which determined him. At any rate, he thrust the letter back into his pocket, and without saying anything to any member of his family, dashed out the back door, wheeled his motorcycle from the back alley to the street, and started for the Cohen mansion on Park Avenue.

Lest his resolution should falter, Terrence rang the bell as though he were answering a call for the whole New York Police Department. The butler looked his astonishment as the tall young officer confronted him. But Terry's official manner evaporated like the morning mist as he asked timidly,

"Miss Nannie Cohen—or no, you'd better say I wish to see Mr. Jacob Cohen."

"Hy'm sorry sir, but Mr. Cohen is very busy.

Will you have the kindness to tell me the nature of your business?"

"Ah—ah—that's all right. He'll understand. I must see him, and at once."

"Very well, sir."

With some misgiving, the butler entered the drawing room and approached Cohen.

"A Mr. Terrence Kelly to see you, sir. 'E said as 'ow you'd hunderstand."

The effect of the butler's announcement was startling in the extreme. Cohen gasped in surprise and involuntarily his hand went up in the gesture of old, that of grasping his forehead with his right hand. He hadn't used this gesture so much since leaving Second Avenue. Mrs. Cohen was amazed and Nannie plainly frightened. Sammy was the only one who took the announcement with equanimity.

As usual, Cohen was the first to recover. With fists clenched and striding as fast and ferociously as his short and undignified legs would permit, he started for the hall. Nannie would have followed but her mother put her arms about her and detained her. Bursting out into the hall like a fury, Cohen strove hard for words adequate enough to meet the situation. But he was too mad even to speak, and Terry began nervously,

"I heard that Nannie was home from school, I just had to see her!"

Then the flood gates of Cohen's wrath burst, and the angry words flowed from him like a bursting dam.

"Loafer! Schlemole! You should dare to come here! Gerveg! Out of my house! Gerveg!"

CHAPTER XIII

Tosti's "Farewell"

Terrence Kelly's call had interrupted an unusually happy event in the Cohen mansion. To cover up the social faux pas of young Sammy in again mentioning the Kellys, Jacob had conceived a brilliant idea. As was characteristic of him, he acted upon it immediately. Turning to his guests he said,

"Friends, I hev yet another surprise for you. Mrs. Cohen here should sing for you. Oy, just like a bird she sings! And only with six lessons!"

This latter admission rather diminished the anticipation of several of the guests. Not so, Mr. Kaatz, he was all eagerness to hear Mrs. Cohen sing and he rose like a fish to the bait as Mrs. Cohen pretended a shyness which she thought she ought to feel, and a reluctance which would have evaporated immediately if Kaatz had ceased coaxing her.

The orchestra looked as incredulous as a well paid orchestra dared look under the circumstances. And everyone of them hoped to the

depths of his soul that Mrs. Cohen's modesty was real rather than pretended. But Jacob had started this thing and he was going to finish it. Putting his arm proudly about his buxom spouse, he propelled her in the direction of the piano.

"Come on Mama, you should sing for us that grand opery piece vhat you're goin' to sing at the B'nai B'rith Buzaar."

Sharing the feelings of the orchestra was Nannie. It was all news to her that her mother had been taking vocal lessons, and Sammy's irreverent snicker told her even more plainly than did her heart that her mother was going to make a fool of herself. But Mrs. Cohen really wanted to sing, and sing she did. The selection, on which she had been practising for the B'nai B'rith Bazaar was Tosti's *"Farewell."* As she announced it, the applause of Cohen and Kaatz drowned out the discouraged "good-night" of the orchestra.

But they were there to play, so what difference what they played? They started the introduction and when Mrs. Cohen missed her cue, they vamped politely until she nervously started to sing.

But once she was started, Mrs. Cohen's newly discovered diaphragm gave a resounding account of itself. Voice there was in plenty. Her attack was superb and the voice itself was not unmusical.

Cohen and Kaatz exchanged looks of delighted approval. Neither had been prepared for as much success even as this. But Mrs. Cohen's voice had a range of slightly under one octave and her efforts to reach notes in the upper register were utterly appalling. Neither Cohen nor Kaatz nor any of the guests dared show any concern over Mrs. Cohen's failure to reach several of the notes, but Ikey, who still had all of the canine impoliteness which had distinguished him in Second Avenue, gave every evidence of acute distress. Lifting up his snout from where he sat at Cohen's feet, he at first wrinkled his nose and shook his head. As Mrs. Cohen's efforts became louder and more discordant, he let out a howl of pain and disgust which threw Sammy into a fit of laughter, and caused Jacob to rise hurriedly and expel the de trop Ikey from the room on the broad toe of his patent leather shoe.

"Good-by forever, good-by forever," and then three more good-bys, each a little more sour than the other. Mrs. Cohen wasn't exactly to blame. Her very efficient corsage had something to do with it. And however one felt about the voice, the corset-maker who constructed it deserved praises. But neither Cohen nor Kaatz gave any evidence that Mrs. Cohen's singing was not so good.

"Such a netchural good-by!" exclaimed Cohen,

"You should nefer expect him to come back!"

It was at this moment that Terry was announced by the perplexed butler.

As Nannie heard her father ordering Terry from the house she burst away from her mother's embrace and ran out into the hall.

"Please, Mr. Cohen, please, I love Nannie!" said Terry desperately. "Won't you just let me see her for a moment?"

But Cohen was blind with rage. Choking and fuming, he shouted,

"No! No! No! Good for nothing! Gerveg Gerveg! Hear me?"

The butler had attempted to eject Terry, but as the officer turned threateningly upon him, he backed hurriedly away, both hands held in front of him in a comical protective gesture.

Sammy from his vantage point on a top step yelled,

"Soak him, Terry, soak him!"

But Terry had seen Nannie, and a wonderful smile spread over his face as he stretched out his arms.

"Nannie!" he cried.

And Nannie, the love light in her eyes and voice, answered.

"Terry!"

But Cohen, both hands raised above his head and his fists clenched, advanced toward him. Mrs. Cohen realizing the futility of the scene,

took her daughter in her arms and gently led her away. Seeing that the situation was utterly hopeless and that he was merely making matters difficult for Nannie, Terry held out his hand in one last gesture of appeal to Cohen, but the old man was adamant. Terry turned on his heel and walked out of the door which the butler, with an alacrity in which there was nothing of his accustomed dignity, had opened for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

POLICE, POLICE

As the door closed on Terrence, Nannie broke from her mother's embrace and ran upstairs weeping as though her heart would break. Jacob watched for a moment, then turned testily to the butler.

"For vhy should you let thet goneff in my house? Nefer should he come in again! Versteh?"

The butler, all out of breath and considerably ruffled from his usually calm and dignified demeanor, defended himself as best he could, while Kaatz, who always seemed to occupy a middle ground and to act as a pacifier, urged Cohen to be calm, to leave it to him, and to permit him to get out an injunction against the objectionable Kelly.

"Jacob, Jacob," urged his wife, "you should not so egsite yourself. Remember vhat the doctor said."

But Cohen wasn't listening. An idea was

forming in his one-tracked mind, and when this happened he had no capacity for any outside interference. As the light of determination broke into his eyes, Jacob waved his hands above his head and hurried into the drawing room. Rushing over to the ornamental telephone case, he flung open the doors and took up the telephone.

"Helloy, helloy, central, give me the nearest policeman!"

In a little upstairs flat on Second Avenue the telephone bell rang. Pat Kelly was reading the sporting page of the paper as usual, with his stocking feet propped up on the table. As the the head of the house of Kelly, Pat walked over to the opposite wall and said,

"Hello!"

"Helloy, helloy!" screamed Cohen, as he heard the voice on the other end of the wire. "Who should I be speakin' to?"

An Irish voice came back to him.

"Faith an' how should I know? Who do yez want?"

Exasperated at the cool evasion, Cohen continued.

"I vant a policeman!"

"Sure an' ye've got wan," came back to him.

"I heven't!" declared Cohen exasperated, "And I vouldn't hev one for a gift, belief me!"

By this time Kelly was pretty well convinced that someone was trying to kid him.

"Begorra, I believe ye're a nut! First ye want a policeman an' then ye don't. What is it?"

In addition to his rage at the telephone, Cohen was now the object of advice from his wife, Kaatz, and Doctor Goodman, all intent on quieting Cohen. Doctor Goodman in particular, was afraid that Cohen's over-strained heart would give at any unusual burst of temper. Turning upon them savagely, Cohen shouted,

"Shut up!"

But as he turned he also brought the telephone speaker around with him. Kelly heard the "shut up" distinctly and thought it had been intended for him.

"They can't nobody tell me to shut up! Shut up yerself!"

"No, no, I vusn't tellin' you to shut up! I vus eskin' you to get for me a policeman!"

"An oi'm tellin' ye," Kelly rejoined, "that ye've got wan now!"

Cohen had just about reached the explosion point. His face was livid, and what little hair he had seemed to be more crinkly than ever. The bald spot on the top of Cohen's head became redder and redder. To save the situation Lawyer Kaatz came through with a suggestion that was really practical.

"Tell him who you are. Tell him your name."

As a last resort Cohen tried that.

"Listen, you, I'm Cohen. Yah, Cohen,

C-O-H-E-N, Cohen!"

"The saints be praised! Why didn't ye say so in the first place? This is Officer Patrick Kelly ye're speakin' to. Who do yez want? Ye little sawed off shrimp!"

"Listen Kelly, you big rhinocerousis, you should keep your loafer son avay from my daughter! You hear me?"

Before Kelly could recover his breath and make a fitting rejoinder, little Sammy Cohen who had mischievously borrowed a trombone from one of the orchestra, let out a terrific blast in Cohen's ear. Jumping up and down in his intense excitement, Cohen started toward his son. The telephone wire, however, brought him up short. Waving his left hand with the receiver in it, in a menacing attitude toward his son, he shouted.

"Brains you hev none! In vun minute I vill come over there and knock the stuffing oud of you. You hear me?"

"Oh you will!" cried Kelly, madder than he had ever been in his whole life before. "The likes of ye to knock the stuffin' out of a Kelly! With wan swat I'll—"

In his excitement, Kelly forgot that he was talking on the telephone. He needed his hands to illustrate properly what he would do to Cohen. Failing to take them off of the telephone transmitter, his violent gesture yanked the entire in-

stallation off the wall, and there he stood, an impotent figure of Celtic rage and mortification, the receiver held in one hand and the transmitting apparatus dead and useless in the other. And this wasn't the worst of it.

"Ye poor, blitherin' idiot!" cried Kate Kelly, her hands on her hips and her head shaking angrily from side to side. "Now see what ye've done! Why under hiven did I iver marry a Kelly?"

"Helloy, helloy!" said Cohen, "Vhere are ycu? Enswer me! Helloy, helloy! Ain't you there? Gevalt, the lowlife Irisher hung up on me! The —th—"

And what Doctor Goodman and the others had feared, came to pass. Overcome by rage and the violence of his own temper, Jacob fell, mumbling and foaming at the mouth. Doctor Goodman and Kaatz bore the unconscious Cohen to a couch and loosening his collar and shirtfront, worked frantically over his prostrate form. Mrs. Cohen lost all control of herself and sank in a heap at the foot of the couch, while Ikey, the dog, realizing that a catastrophe had overtaken the family, moaned and howled and yelped, entirely unnoticed by any of the stricken family. Finally Doctor Goodman arose and gave his verdict.

"It isn't anything serious but Mr. Cohen will have to go away for a while to recover his health. He had a slight apoplectic stroke. I would sug-

gest that he go to Florida where he can forget everything and recuperate."

And in two days, Jacob Cohen, attended by a nurse and a valet, was on the way to Bellaire with everything that wealth and a loving family could think of for his comfort, including a brand new set of golf clubs and the very latest in correct, noisy, golf attire!

CHAPTER XV

Fore

Ever since the armor-clad Ponce de Leon sought in its sunny climate the fountain of youth, Florida has become accustomed to odd sights. But if the natives wondered at the latest cut of coats of mail and the feathered helmets of de Leon's companions and retainers, the last ten years have brought to the startled natives far more exaggerated and ludicrous sights. The nouveau riche with their own ideas of what constitutes the proper southern holiday attire; the snappy real estate salesmen with their invariable white knickers, marvelous golf socks, and no knowledge of how to play golf; and the loudly shrieking raiment of those who don't know very much more about it but are bound to dig up the turf anyway, have rendered the patient and long suffering natives absolutely impervious to shocks of any kind.

But none of them in their wildest dreams ever conjured up a more ludicrous or unnatural pic-

ture than the pudgy, awkward figure of the little man who stood on the first tee of the Bellaire golf course on this particular morning. His white knickers were checkered with a violent blue and green pattern which still further served to emphasize his dumpiness. The blue and white blazer he wore, was of a most fashionable length in the store, but on him, as he leaned awkwardly forward gazing intently at a golf ball, grasping a club as though it were a broom, it had every appearance of being an ulster. The small expanse of striped blue and white stocking which showed, was much wider than it was long, for it ended abruptly in a pair of high brown russet golf shoes. Their tops were a few inches from the jaunty plus fours referred to above. This heterogeneous sporting outfit was topped by a white cap surmounted with a blue button. And under the cap was the face of Jacob Cohen.

Months in the Florida sunshine had restored, if not his wealth, at least his health, and now reddened by the sun and wind, Jacob looked healthier than he had for years. To one of his home loving proclivities, the hardest thing Jacob had to bear was the separation from his family. If his nurse and companion had not had strict orders to keep him there until he was entirely well, Jacob would have come straight home four months ago when he first began to sit up and recover from the slight stroke which had neces-

sitated the trip. During all these four months he had not eaten a single breakfast without some reference to buying tickets for New York. Every letter that he had written had besought Rachel, either to intercede with his relentless nurse, or to come down herself and bring Nannie with her.

But Rachel, much as she loved her husband and much as she missed him, was determined to keep him in Florida until he recovered and until an event had transpired in New York which would make it safe for Jacob to come back and resume his wanted place at the head of the Cohen household. But her very plausible excuse to Jacob for remaining away from him so long, was the necessity of supervising the fashionable ladies cloak and suit business. Outside of the loss of health, the one thing most deplored in the eyes of the Cohen family was the loss of money. From her letters, Jacob was led to believe that Rachel was preventing a loss of thousands and thousands of dollars every month by being on the job herself and supervising the business.

To take his mind from the constantly recurring thought of returning home, Rachel had written Jacob urging him to take up golf. She had read that it was a great game for concentration and that those who played it could think of very little else. Kaatz, who played at a club on Long Island, had often assured her that this was true.

For a month now Cohen had been taking lessons from the Bellaire professional. If he had taken them alone, the results for him might have been better than they were, but he took up golf at the same time and through the same instructor as Nathan Pinski.

Nathan was a successful Maiden Lane jeweler, but he was in Florida in much the same predicament as Cohen. In his case it had been a burglary which had ruined his health and caused his doctor to prescribe a sojourn in Florida.

"No, no, Mr. Cohen!" said the pro. "That is not the way to hold the club. This is the way."

As Cohen relinquished the club, the pro took it and carefully went through the regular movement of assuming the grip and the stance.

"Now you see," he said, "having taken the grip in this manner, you bring the club back slowly like this and swing easily and naturally on the ball. Here, you try it, Mr. Pinski."

A friendly but none the less determined rivalry had grown up between the two and these daily lessons were attended, not only with very lively betting, but also a constant stream of acrimonious repartee which might have been funny to the pro if their golf had been a little better.

Pinski, imitating closely the professional grip, started his preliminary waggle.

"Belief me, Pinski, I may be bad but your stench is terrible!"

That was enough to set Pinski off. Instead of trying to hit the ball, he turned his attention to Cohen and a lively debate on the relative merits of the Pinski and Cohen stance got under way. The two caddies, who had shouldered their bags preparatory to following the flight of the ball, now set them down on the ground and sat down on the bags. The pro looked at his wrist watch.

"Gentlemen, personally I don't mind this discussion one way or the other, but I just want to remind you that you are paying five dollars each an hour for this instruction and at this rate it will take five or six hours to go around the course."

From experience, he had discovered that this always ended all arguments. Cohen, taking up his club without the slightest attempt at grip or stance, sprang into position and took a tremendous swing at the ball. Instinctively his four companions gazed in the direction the ball should have traveled. Turning to Pinski, Cohen declared proudly.

"You should be able vunce to knock a ball so far you can't see it! Oy, oy!"

Pinski looked chagrined; the instructor, puzzled; the caddies, amazed. Then coming up to Mr. Cohen, his caddy tapped him lightly on the arm and pointed at the tee. There was the ball

just where he had teed it up. He had missed it by a foot. It was now Pinski's turn to laugh, and the derision with which he exclaimed,

"Don't be afraid to hit it, Jacob, it can't hit you back," cut Cohen to the quick.

Insane fury gripped his muscles as he took another swing. This time the club head didn't get as far as the ball. It crashed into the tee fully a foot back of it, and another sport model driver bit the dust.

"Strike two!" snickered Pinski, as Cohen reached for another driver.

Previous experience had taught him that it was wise to take several along. The interruption, however, had restored Cohen's mental processes and an idea occurred to him.

"Give a look, Pinski. It's a message for you!"

While his companions' backs were turned, Cohen stopped down, picked up the little ball, and hurled it with all his might down the fairway.

"Fore!" he yelled in stentorian tones.

As they turned back, they discovered Cohen in the approved attitude of one who has hit a two hundred yard drive down the center of the fairway. And sure enough, there was the little ball still hopping gracefully over the turf, a hundred

feet or so on the fairway. As he was revelling in the surprise of Pinski, a voice said,

"Message for you, Mr. Cohen."

"For me, a message? You open it, Pinski."

Pinski took the envelope but characteristically indicated Cohen as the man to pay the messenger.

"Come home at once," it read. "Have great surprise for you."

CHAPTER XVI

Who Is The Man

While Jacob Cohen had been taking the rest cure in Florida, the Cohen and Kelly feud had come to a sudden and unexpected crisis. So unexpected in fact, that Terrence Kelly had spent a great deal of his leisure from his official duties at the Cohen mansion on Park Avenue, although he was the only one of the Kellys to so far forget his dignity and the righteousness of his cause to do so.

Terry was fortunately on duty as Jacob Cohen drove furiously from the Penn station to Park Avenue, urging the taxi driver at every corner to disregard traffic rules in his haste to see his family again. As the taxi drew up furiously in front of the mansion and stopped with a grinding of brakes, Kaatz came bounding down the steps, three at a time, hatless and coat tails flying in the breeze.

"Oh, Mr. Cohen, I'm so glad you're back.

There is a—ah—a very delicate matter I must speak to you about right away."

"Yah, yah, I know. You vant to marry my daughter. Is it? But I can't talk about it already now. I'm in a hurry."

"Yes, but Mr. Cohen," began Kaatz nervously, as he tried to detain the excited and hurrying Cohen. "You must talk about this. As your lawyer—"

"Oy gevalt! I should talk about lawyers now!"

And waving Kaatz aside, he made all the speed he could up the steps and into the house. As the butler swung the door open, Doctor Goodman rushed down the front stair and started to shake Cohen by the hand.

"Doctor Goodman, I'm glad to see you but for vhy should you be here?"

"It's all right, Mr. Cohen. Everything is all right. Don't get excited. I tell you everything is all right."

"Shuey, shuey, vhy not? I'm all right, you're all right! Is Rachel sick? Vhere's Rachel? And Nannie, how is my little girl?"

And Cohen, the thought of his beloved family in his mind, started for the stairs, but Doctor Goodman intercepted him and gently but firmly steered him into the drawing room. Looking in a bewildered fashion from Kaatz to the doctor and from the doctor back to Kaatz again, the joy of

his return rapidly going out of his face, Cohen began plaintively.

"Rachel's all right. Nannie's all right. Semmy, has anything heppened to my Semmy? What is the metter?"

Then the thought that something might have happened to his only son filled him with terror. Grasping the doctor by the shoulders, he shook him violently.

"Listen, tell me, is he dead?"

But Doctor Goodman only smiled and pushed Jacob's hands from his shoulders. Kaatz looked toward the door with very evident embarrassment. Jacob caught the look and turned around. There stood a uniformed nurse smiling in the doorway, a baby in her arms. Holding out his hands to Jacob, the doctor smilingly announced,

"Mr. Cohen, allow me to offer my congratulations."

"Congradulation? For vhy? Vhat hev I done?"

Doctor Goodman waved his hand in a sweeping gesture toward the nurse. The bewildered Cohen looked searchingly from Kaatz to Doctor Goodman and from them to the smiling nurse. There certainly seemed nothing to be alarmed about and as the fear left his heart, amazement, incredulity, and finally, vanity took its place. Jumping at conclusions as he usually did, Cohen exclaimed proudly,

"Rachel's, and she nefer told me!"

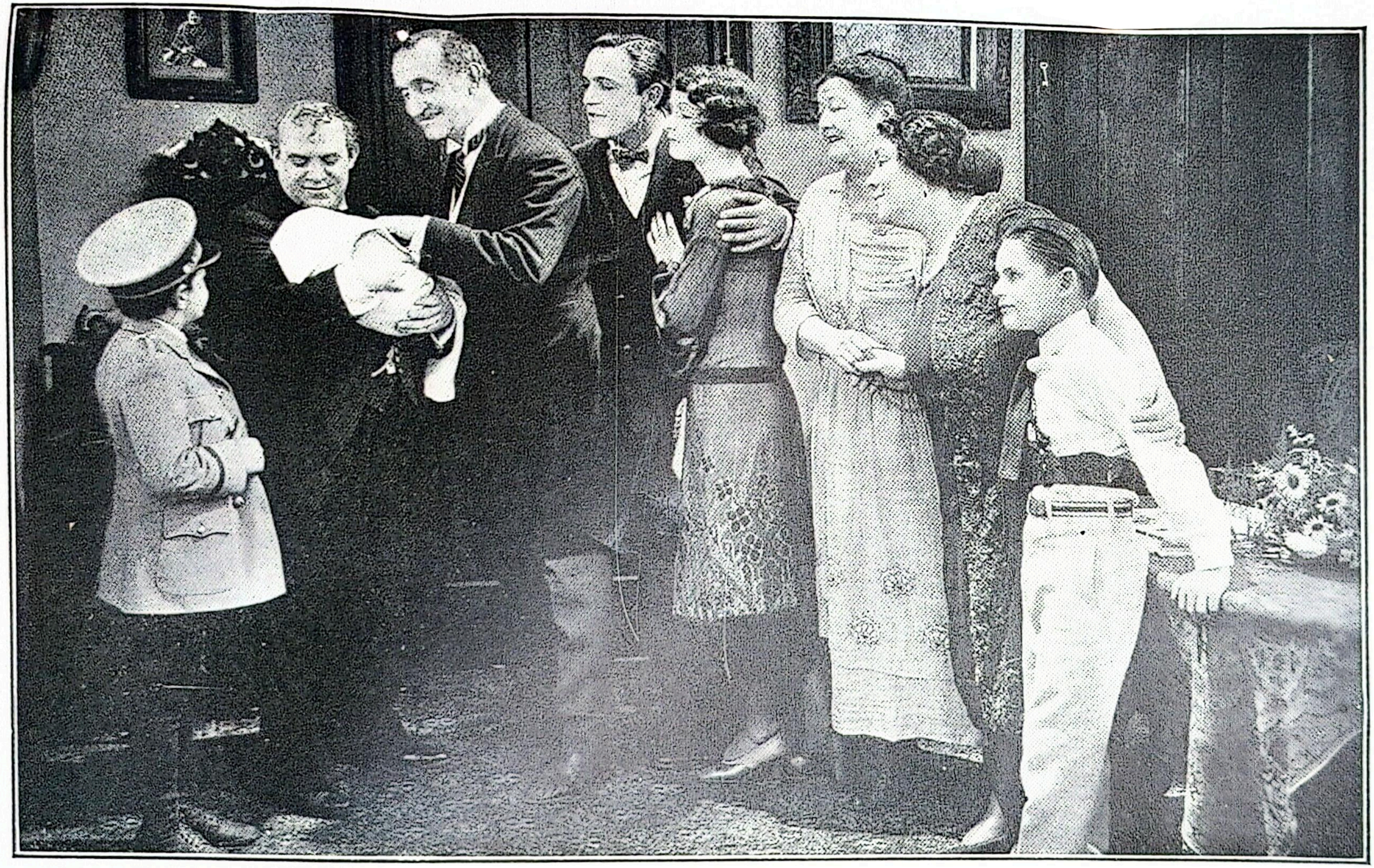
Proud as a peacock he advanced toward the baby. Suddenly he stopped in amazement, Over the shoulder of the nurse he saw Rachel entering the room, Rachel in all of the abounding health which was hers.

"Rachel!" he exclaimed. "So soon!"

So occupied was Rachel with the problem of how to tell Jacob this stupendous piece of news that she did not understand, for an instant, what he was driving at. It was only the perplexity in his eyes, as he gazed from Rachel to the baby and from the baby to Rachel, which finally put her on the right track. With the realization of what Jacob was thinking, Rachel actually blushed.

"No, no, Jacob, not thet! No, this is Nannie's baby, Papa, thet is, —I mean, Grandpa."

Rachel was on the verge of hysterics herself. The strain of the last few months had been bad enough, but the last week had been terrible for her. And in all that time she found no satisfactory way of explaining the situation to her husband. And now that he were here, there was even less opportunity to break the news to him gently. In all his life nothing had caused this kind-hearted family-loving man one half the sorrow and anguish that Nannie's love affair had cost him. It was that which had caused his partial breakdown and his trip to Florida, and now



"AN' SURE, IT'S YE GRANDSON, PATRICK JACOB KELLY."

all the good which that trip had done him seemed on the verge of being undone again through the advent of this innocent new life into the Cohen household.

Half crying, half laughing, Rachel threw her arms passionately about her husband's neck, patting him on the cheek, on the head, on the shoulders; one moment crooning love expressions to him, and the next, shaking with hysterial sobs. It was several minutes before either of them could speak and it was Jacob who spoke first. Disengaging his wife's arms from about his neck and with some difficulty holding her at arm's length, Jacob looked sternly at her. In spite of her greeting and the joy of seeing her, his face was filled with utter anguish. Slowly he repeated over and over again, as though his ears refused to believe the words his lips uttered.

"Nannie's baby?—Nannie's baby? Nannie's—"

Not daring to trust her voice, Rachel merely nodded her head. Straightening up as though he were about to receive a blow, Jacob squared his shoulders. A dead silence reigned in the room. In a voice so low that it seemed as though the speaker were desperately afraid to know the answer, Jacob almost groaned.

"Who?—"

But with the question a terrible thought entered Jacob's head. His eyes left his wife's face and fixed themselves accusingly upon the nerv-

ous, uncomfortable, figure of Milton J. Kaatz. The dapper little lawyer was in no mood to withstand the terrible import of the gaze. Though he understood the unspoken accusation perfectly, he looked as guilty as a man could look. Swallowing hastily two or three times, shifting from one foot to the other, nervously intertwining his hands, he made an effort to defend himself. But it was several seconds before he was even able to speak. Rachel was equally horrified at her husband's suspicion but her eloquent gesture of negation merely made matters worse in the eyes of her husband.

"I—I tried—" began Kaatz, stuttering and stammering, "to explain out—out there on the sidewalk—"

But the look of convulsive rage in Cohen's face absolutely stopped his voice. With clenched fists and hands raised high above his head, Cohen started relentlessly in the direction of Kaatz. But Mrs. Cohen's voice, released by his actions as though by the pressing of a button, stopped him in his tracks.

"No, no, no!" she cried, and all the pent up feeling of the moment went into that cry. "No," not him!"

Slowly lowering his hands to his side but still with the terrible expression of rage on his face, Cohen demanded:

"Who then?"

For a moment Rachel still evaded the issue, but her husband would not be denied. Grasping her by the shoulders, he fairly shook her off her feet in his determination to get the truth.

"Who is he? Tell me, who is the fadder?"

Realizing that there was absolutely no hope of concealing it further, and that nothing was to be gained by evasion, Rachel pulled herself together and looking her husband in the face, said:

"Terry Kelly."

Jacob Cohen's life had been full of ups and downs, of sorrows and joys, of surprises and disappointments, of success and disaster, but nothing in his whole life of such a crushing nature had ever befallen him. Without the months of rest he had enjoyed in Florida, it is doubtful whether his constitution would have withstood the terrific impact of those two crushing words, "Terry Kelly." Every dream that he had dreamed for his family had miraculously come true—everyone except his plan for Nannie's future. And the terrible miscarriage of that plan seemed to outweigh every other success which the miraculously inherited fortune had brought to him. As the full significance of his wife's words sank into his consciousness, Jacob's knees gave way under him and he almost fell into a chair. He waved his hands helplessly at Doctor Goodman and Lawyer Kaatz, and they, realizing

that they could do nothing for him, retired and left him alone with his wife.

Sinking to her knees in front of her collapsed husband, Rachel put her arms about Jacob's neck. With eyes fixed staringly in front of him, in voice so low that Rachel could scarcely hear it, he muttered:

"The goneff, the Irisher low-life, the goy!"

Mrs. Cohen's efforts to soothe him merely served further to aggravate him and now that his rage had found expression, his voice rose in trembling fury.

"Thet bummer of a policeman! I'll kill 'im! It's our money he's efter!"

"No, no, no!" Rachel said.

Jacob struggled to rise but Rachel held him down in the chair.

"No, Jacob, you sit still now. I'm going to tell you everything. Terry ain't efter our money. He and Nannie were married before ve left Second Evenue, vhen ve ain't got no money."

If Rachel thought that this plain truth would mollify her angry husband, she was much mistaken. Ignoring the exculpation of Terry from the charge of fortune hunting, his thoughts centered themselves doggedly on the main issue.

"Merried?" he said, unbelief in his voice. "Merried,—and to a Irisher! Oy, oy, that I should live to see the day! Oy got, vhat I've done to be so disgraced!"

Weakly his hands dropped to his side and the terrific passion under which he had been laboring gradually burnt itself out. And Rachel's quick, sympathetic, loving hands brought at least physical comfort to the desolate spirit of the sorely stricken man, mortally wounded in the pride of race and religion, which had come down to him from generations of ancestors who had endeavored to follow to the letter the law of Moses, of Aaron, and of Jacob.

CHAPTER XVII

The Parting of the Ways

Weeks had passed since Jacob Cohen's return. He was still dazed by the shattering of his plans for Nannie's future. In spite of his wife's entreaties he had absolutely refused to go up to Nannie's room and he would receive no message of any kind from his daughter. Neither would he look at his grandchild's face or permit the child in the same room with him. Even the sound of its voice, which was frequently raised in protest or in joy, threw him into a fit of anger. Neither would he go to his place of business. And this was the most untoward sign that Rachel had yet seen of the depth and seriousness of the blow which had fallen upon him. Most of the day and most of the night, Jacob sat in front of the grate-fireplace looking glumly into the fire and saying nothing. It was by all odds the longest period of silence of his entire life.

In vain Rachel tried to comfort him. His invariable rejoinder to every argument was:

"Such things I had plenned for our Nannie,

—such vonderful things. And she goes and merries a bummer Irish policeman!"

Nannie had been up for a week and Rachel was at her wits' end to find some method of bringing her husband and daughter together. An apparent softening of Jacob's mood encouraged her to think that possibly this evening the sudden sight of Nannie and her baby might assuage Jacob's wrath and disappointment, but while she was upstairs talking the matter over with Nannie, she heard the front door bell ring.

The butler was not surprised to see Terry even though he was in civilian clothes. He had been a familiar figure about the Cohen home ever since Jacob had gone away to Florida. But the butler had never seen in that entrance hall anything like the procession which followed Terry: Kate Kelly, his mother, in the high mass clothes she used only on Sundays; Sergeant Patrick Kelly dressed in full Tammany Hall parade regalia—silk hat of the vintage of nineteen four, frock coat of some seasons later, flaring red and green necktie tucked into a white vest which strained at its moorings so desperately that it was impossible for Pat to button anything except the lowest button on the Prince Albert; and little Timmie in a Norfolk suit with three inches of none too clean cuff sticking out of the too short sleeves, bringing up the rear.

As each stepped into the hall the butler looked

more and more puzzled. The Kellys, however, did not notice this. It was the first time they had been in the Cohen mansion and the grandeur of the place fairly took their breath away. It was raining outside and upon appropriate motions from the butler, the four Kellys surrendered their dripping umbrellas into his keeping. As he held out his hands for Pat's silk hat, the Sergeant, who had not yet removed this valuable relic from his head, extended his own hand and shook that of the butler with unwonted cordiality. He was pleased and flattered by the reception that the Kellys were receiving, but he didn't surrender the hat.

He did, however, have the innate politeness to take it off as Rachel came hurrying down the stairs. With hands outstretched and words of greeting upon her lips, she kissed Kate Kelly as affectionately as though they were both living over the clothing stores on Second Avenue. She also kissed Terry. She shooks hands with Pat as the Sergeant grinning broadly declared:

"We've cum to see the baby."

Putting her finger to her lips, Rachel pointed to the door into the living room and then invited her visitors to be seated in the hall for a moment. Though she had not been expecting the Kellys, this might be an appropriate time to bring them and her husband together. Jacob seemed to have been relenting again lately. With another sign

for silence, she tiptoed through the doorway into the drawing room, as the Kellys sat stiffly on the front edges of the hall chairs. Had Rachel looked back at her visitors she might have had even more trepidation about the outcome of their visit.

Pat sat as though a ramrod had been thrust down his back and to show how accustomed he was to such surroundings and luxuries, he started to brush his ancient headgear with his sleeve. Kate's effort to be at-ease took the form of vigorous if unaccustomed use of a mirror and a powder puff.

Jacob was sitting as usual in front of the fireplace. Rachel seated herself on the arm of his chair. Leaning over, she kissed him on the forehead.

"Papa," she said, "I vant to talk to you about Nannie."

Though he said nothing, Jacob started stubbornly to shake his head, but there was none of the old fire or evidence of anger in it.

"But, Papa, you're breaking Nannie's heart, and yours, and mine. The Kellys hev forgave Terry."

This shot struck home.

"The Kellys! Vhy shouldn't they? Vhat hev they got to forgive? Their bummer son gets a wery rich vife!"

For the first time in weeks, Jacob's voice rose to its accustomed angry pitch.

"How many times I've told you, Rachel, don't speak of Kellys in this house! They're all bummers!"

Rachel had not thought it necessary, and too she had realized that it was not polite to shut the door into the hall. Pat seated nearest to it heard plainly the last high pitched remark of his ancient friend and enemy. With a jerk which utterly dislodged the one button which fastened the Prince Albert about him, he rose and grimly faced the door. Kate had heard the same thing but she laid her hand on Pat's arm.

"You be careful, Pat, remimber ye're a gintleman."

And Kelly might have remembered if the next ejaculation from the other room had been couched in a more temperate spirit.

"The Second Avenue bums!" he heard Cohen say, his voice rising still higher. "I'll hev the marriage annulled! I don't vant no Irisher relations and the lest of all relations I vant are Kellys!"

This was too much for Patrick. Followed by the other members of his family who endeavored vainly to restrain him, Kelly advanced upon the cowering Cohen. Jacob had every reason to believe that he was being subject to a violent bodily attack on the part of Kelly. He realized at once that Kelly must have heard everything he had said. But Pat had no intention of committing

an assault. Dropping his silk hat carelessly into a chair and making motions as though he would roll up the sleeves of his holiday coat, Kelly shook both fists under Cohen's nose.

"Take back what yez jist said!" thundered Kelly, "Or bejabbers, I'll push ye're face in!"

Beside himself with rage and cornered as he was, Cohen threw his innate caution to the winds. Cohen took a step toward Kelly and with all of his strength gave him a push which sent him back three or four steps before he caught his balance. The maneuver also brought Cohen directly in front of the chair where Kelly had dropped his hat.

"I should take beck nothing! Get out of my house!"

Kelly who had come thoroughly prepared to be pacific, was now beside himself with rage. Rushing at Cohen, he grabbed him by the coat collar and shook him like a rat. Then he hurled him forcefully into the chair. It was young Terry who came between the two men, and as he did so, Nannie entered the room with the baby in her arms.

In amazement she took in the scene of violence, so like the old days in Shinbone Court. Over the shoulder of his son, Pat glowered down at Jacob.

"Sure an' I came to bury the hatchet because the women folks wanted it an' here you go stirrin'

it all up and callin' the Kellys forchune hunters. Begob, we got the money we have honestly,—not by havin' somebody die an' lave it to us!"

Terry had now pushed his father far enough back so Cohen could rise from the chair. Then he turned to his father-in-law, holding out his hands with a gesture of appeal.

"And you," cried Cohen, looking fiercely at him, "if again I efer see you here, I should throw you in jail yet!"

"Don't ye worry about that!" shouted Pat. "If I iver hear of him cumin' here agin, I'll break his neck!"

And without more ado, he started to herd his family toward the door. Rachel and Kate were both crying. As they turned, Nannie came toward her father with a piteous gesture.

"No, no, Papa, please don't send them away! He is my husband. I love him. My place is with him. If you send him away, I'll go too!"

Her father turned deadly pale. In a slow, solemn voice, he said:

"If you go you should nefer enter my house again!"

CHAPTER XVIII

Alone

The stony, determined look in Jacob Cohen's eyes as he ordered his daughter from the house, was proof enough that his words were deliberate and final. Nannie, tears streaming down her face, searched her father's face for one ray of pity, one sign of relenting, but there was none. All the proud, relentless, stubborness of his race was expressed in the set, determined features and the stony eyes. At this moment the fat, bold, features and short dumpy figure expressed the maximum of dignity which was possible in the personality of Jacob Cohen.

With a hopeless sob Nannie turned from her father and buried her face in the broad bosom of Kate Kelly.

"Bad cess to ye! Ye cruel old man!" said Kate, as she took her daughter-in-law in her arms and led her sobbing from the room.

"No, no, no!" cried Rachel, wringing her hands and looking frantically at her husband.

But Jacob paid no attention to her. The doors closed upon the departing Kellys. As they stood stunned and indignant in the hall, Pat suddenly missed his hat. He looked about on the chairs and benches. Then suddenly remembering he muttered:

"Wait a sicond," and re-entered the drawing-room.

Jacob and Rachel were standing in the same positions they had occupied. Pat gave them a haughty look and walked directly to the chair where he had deposited his hat. It was flat as a pancake. He picked it up, turning it about in his hand, and took a threatening step toward Cohen. Then holding the crushed headgear, its silk grandeur turned to a ludicrous shapeless mass, he strode angrily from the room. Kate was wrapping her cape about Nannie and tucking the baby's quilt about his face. Impassive as ever, the butler solemnly handed to each an umbrella; and as they passed out the door, the imperturbable butler had to permit himself a real laugh, almost the first he had ever stolen while in service, at the ludicrous figure of the dignified Irishman wearing his crushed silk hat.

As she heard the front door close, Rachel turned fiercely on her husband, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Jacob Cohen, you selfish old shlemele, from our home you drive our child, our only daughter,

our only Nannie, and our only grandchild! And for vhy, I esk you, for vhy? Listen, it's because you don't vant her to marry somebody she vants. And who is it gettin' married? Nannie, not you! And for vhy shouldn't she marry who she loves? This is vhy! I toll you. It's because ve got a little money vhat ain't nefer done us no good no how. In Second Evenue ve was heppy. In Park Avenue ve got nothing but troubles. I got troubles, Nannie got troubles, you got troubles! My Got, how I vish ve'd nefer seen the money!"

Bursting into bitter tears, Rachel turned and fled through the hall and up to her own room. Snatching up a raincoat, she hurried down the stairs. Sammy, thoroughly perplexed by the unusual goings-on, was standing there communing silently with his dog, Ikey.

"Where're you goin', Mama?"

"Come, put on your cep. Ve're going to Second Evenue. No, ve don't vant Ikey. Here you, go beck and mind the house!"

Mother and son hurried down the front steps into the rain, leaving Jacob Cohen alone in his stubborness except for the servants and the dog. And alone he preferred to be. No human sympathy was strong enough to bring comfort to a pride as humiliated as his had been; no words strong enough to assuage the grief of the lonely soul whose lonesomeness was self-inflicted. Even

the tears refused to come to relieve his pent up feelings. For several minutes he stood as still as stone. Then as though to defend his course, Jacob raised his head and exclaimed,

"But Mama—"

To his amazement he discovered that he was alone.

"Mama!" he said, raising his voice slightly and walking toward the hall.

No answer, there was no one in the hall either. Alarm seizing him, Jacob started upstairs, followed by the dog. Entering Rachel's room, Jacob looked around in increasing alarm.

Fully aroused now, he turned suddenly to go downstairs and tripped over Ikey who was right at his heels. Picking himself up, Jacob aimed a vicious kick in the direction of Ikey, and stumbled down the stairs into the drawing room again. As he sank into his chair by the fireplace, a hurdy-gurdy outside in the street began to play. Listlessly he listened. As though to put the climax on his woe, the strains of "All Alone" came sadly in the open window. "All alone, I am all alone. There is no one here but me." Reflecting the general desolation and lonesomeness, Ikey sat up on his haunches and began to howl.

For a man surrounded by every luxury that money could buy, Jacob Cohen was by far the loneliest, most miserable man in New York City.

What good was money, what comfort were servants, what satisfaction was a home on Park Avenue with no one to enjoy it but himself? In desperation Jacob tried to shake off the mood. Struggling to his feet and assuming an anger which he did not feel, he aimed another kick at the howling dog. As he turned back to his chair again, the hurdy-gurdy switched to Tosti's "Farewell."

How long Jacob Cohen sat in the chair by the fireplace buried in solitude and bitter thoughts, he never knew. His reverie was interrupted by the butler announcing Mr. Kaatz. There was no one in the world he cared less to see at that moment than Mr. Kaatz. But even Kaatz was better than nobody and he was no longer alone.

"Come in Milton. I'm gled to see you, but oy, such rotten company I should be tonight! Bed news I got!"

Jacob was glad of the shadows from the fireplace. He did not want to have Milton see him wiping away the tears. Milton had seemed embarrassed, unable to approach directly the subject of his visit, but Cohen's last sentence gave him an opening.

"Bad news you may have had but wait 'til you've heard mine!"

"Nool" exclaimed Cohen, "You got bed news, too? Vell go on, tell it to me! I shouldn't be able to hear news vurse."

Shifting his weight in an embarrassed manner from one foot to the other, Kaatz began.

"Mr. Cohen, it grieves me to tell you, but it is my duty to inform you that you are flat broke. You haven't a cent in the world."

"Voos? Broke is it? Vell, I'm gled you broke it to me gently."

Then elated at his own joke produced under such discouraging circumstances, he slapped Kaatz on the shoulder and forced a mirthless laugh.

CHAPTER XIX

The Temptation

Milton J. Kaatz did not join in Cohen's forced and hollow sounding laugh. There was nothing contagious about it. Cohen had the same respect for lawyers that most of his race have. To him it symbolized the highest application of learning. To have a lawyer tell you that you are dead broke and say it in a solemn voice and manner, particularly when that lawyer is the one through whom all of your prosperity has come, is a facer. Even Jacob Cohen's jaded and overworked nerves reacted to this new calamity. As the possible truth of the lawyer's words sank in, and as his vivid imagination began to picture it, the color began to ebb from his face and a curious empty, hollow feeling took possession of him.

"In searching the records," began Kaatz gathering confidence, "I have just found there was another heir to the fortune who has a claim prior to yours."

Taking from his pocket a packet tied with red

tape and sealed with a great red seal, he handed it to Jacob. Cohen looked at him a moment in bewildered silence. Then he turned it over. He made no effort to examine it, no more than he had when Kaatz had told him he was heir to two million. The document itself was evidence enough that Kaatz was right.

"You mean," he began, the muscle of his face twitching, "this house, it ain't mine no more? The money ain't mine? The beeziness ain't mine, nothing is mine?"

"That's what I mean," replied Kaatz. "It all belongs to a policeman on Second Avenue, a man named Patrick Kelly. He is the rightful heir."

The mention of Kelly's name brought back a fleeting suspicion that Kaatz was fooling. Eagerly he opened the paper, and there he read the terrible truth. Patrick Kelly's name was written there as the heir-at-law. It was the truth. Despair seized him. Limply he dropped into a chair, a picture of such unutterable helplessness and woe that even the lawyer felt remorse at the anguish he was causing him. In justice to Jacob Cohen, it must be stated that his despair was not over the loss of the money. It was not even because the money was going to his pet enemy. All his life Jacob's principal joy had been the happiness of his family. For the last six months he had given them everything that his wildest imagination had ever conjured up. Stepping

over to the slouched figure, Kaatz said in an apologetic voice:

"I made a mistake, Cohen. I'm sorry."

Lifting his grief-stricken face and with bitter sarcasm in his voice, Cohen declared:

"A fine lawyer you turned out to be! You make a mistake, I to the poorhouse go, and you say 'excuse me'!"

"Listen Cohen," said Kaatz, "no one knows about this other heir but myself. If you give me a half interest in your business and a hundred thousand dollars in cash, I'll keep my mouth shut. I won't tell anybody about it."

Jacob looked at him a moment trembling on the verge of hope. Then he sadly shook his head.

"I'd be a thief," he muttered more to himself than to Kaatz.

The latter shrugged his shoulders impatiently. Then dramatically pointing his finger at him, went on in an argumentative voice.

"Do you want to take your family back to Second Avenue where I found you?"

Cohen shrank back in the chair as though from a blow. Kaatz continued:

"This man Kelly hates you. He'll take pleasure in showing you up. He's a policeman and he'll probably put you in jail besides."

Cohen shrank still further into his chair. Terror took hold of him. He looked at Kaatz as a

doomed mouse might at a tormenting cat. Kaatz pressed his advantage.

"I can save you from all that, Cohen. I can keep you out of jail. You can live in this swell house and no one in the world but you and I will ever know. Come now, what do you say?"

Terrible thoughts raced through Jacob's brain, thoughts of the disgrace of going back to Second Avenue to start all over again in life; thoughts of his family, grown accustomed to the way they were now living, again cramped up in the little flat over the clothing store; thoughts even of the jail which Kaatz had conjured up, thoughts of the triumph of Patrick Kelly. Dully he looked up at the lawyer. So intense was his emotion that Kaatz's face seemed blurred and indistinct. It was as though he were looking at a motion screen with the lense out of focus.

To his distorted vision, the slight hook in the lawyer's nose became a ferocious beak. The hair on his temples suddenly curled up into two sharp points and the ears unaccountedly elongated themselves at the top into sharp points. Kaatz's hair, Cohen had often noticed, grew down to a point in the center of his forehead, but tonight this point was much sharper and much lower. It had a strangely malignant and devilish look. The jaw lengthened into a point and the mouth widened into a ferocious, sardonic leer. The

eyes became bottomless wells of mendacity and temptation.

Jacob could stand the vision no longer. Thrusting his hands out as though to ward off an actual blow, he jerked himself up from the chair and lurched drunkenly toward the hall. Jacob's temptation had passed. His better self had conquered. Turning on the surprised Kaatz, Cohen fairly shrieked.

"You schmooser! You cheat! You crook! You shyster! You devil! A fool I've been! Money-med I've been! I vas proud. Now comes the fall. I vas a fool, a fool! But a thief, I em not!"

Turning suddenly, a light of determination in his eyes, he walked rapidly out of the room leaving Kaatz standing there astonished and dismayed. As he heard the front door open, the lawyer dashed madly after Cohen.

"Here, where are you going? What are you going to do?"

But the question was useless. In his heart he knew before Cohen said:

"I'm goin' to give Kelly what belongs to him."

And without a look behind at the things he was leaving, the things that had meant so much to him because they had meant so much to his family, Cohen dashed down the steps and out into the rain.

CHAPTER XX

Back to Second Avenue

It was but two blocks from the Cohen mansion to the Kelly flat on Second Avenue. The indignant Kellys trudged it like an army which has been defeated but not disgraced. As they turned into the Second Avenue block, the familiar scenes of her girlhood brought the tears welling into Nannie's eyes. And as they reached the top of the stairs and entered the Kelly flat, her pent-up feelings burst their bounds and she threw herself weeping wildly into Terry's sympathetic arms.

"Here Pat, you hold the baby. There, there, Nannie, don't cry child. Ye have a home with us here now."

"Sure," spoke up Pat, "ye'll be our daughter from now on."

"And soon," said young Terry "we'll make a home of our own."

Thus comforted, Nannie's sobs gradually diminished. The next moment she was sufficiently

herself to look suspiciously at Pat holding her baby and saying to himself:

"Begorra, it's as Irish as Paddy's pig!"

"Ah go on with ye!" said Kate.

And turning to Nannie, she put her arms around her.

"Don't be mindin' him darlin'," she said in her rich Irish voice.

"Sure I see a strong resimblance to meself!" declared Patrick.

"Divil a bit!" replied Kate. "He's the spittin' image of his grandmother Kelly."

Before the usual argument could really get under way, the door burst open and Mrs. Cohen and Sammy entered. Rachel fairly rushed in the door and swooped upon her daughter Nannie, clasping her tightly to her ample bosom. Then all three women joined in a good old fashioned cry, punctuated at intervals by the wails of the baby on Pat's lap.

"Oy, I'm so ashamed! My Jacob, it's terrible. It vas all thet cursed money! It vent to his head!"

As the women gradually grew calmer, the Kelly flat presented the appearance of a truce. Tim Kelly and Sammy Cohen were sitting on the floor playing amicably. Sammy had very

generously offered to let Tim try on his military coat and cap. Timmie's uniform-loving heart was gratified beyond measure. Seeing the tear-fest about to break up, Kelly, who with his son's clumsy assistance had quieted the baby, started his proud chaff again.

"Sure an' it's got the Kelly fatures! Jist look at its face wance!"

Mrs. Kelly halted in her march to the kitchen. "For shame, Pat, it's a 'he'—not an 'it'!"

"Ah ha," said Pat, "anither policeman for the force!"

By this time Jacob Cohen had come puffing up the steps and stood before the door of the flat. He was a sight. He had run the whole distance. And without hat or umbrella, he was soaked to the skin and steaming with perspiration. Stopping for a moment on the landing outside the door to get his breath, his resolution so firmly taken in his own house, started to slip from him. With sagging shoulders, hair straggling in dripping disorder and painfully revealing the tonsorial artifice whereby the rear locks were made to do duty for the fore, he lifted his hand to the bell. But the final resolution to ring did not seem to be there. He dropped his hand and half turned away, but as he did so he caught the sound of the voices within the room. It was Kelly talking.

"Faith an' have yez named the little divil yet?"

And it was his daughter Nannie's voice who proudly replied,

"We've named him Patrick Jacob Kelly."

With new resolution, Cohen again turned toward the door.

"Well Patrick Jacob Kelly, just look at yer grandfather Kelly an' tell him what a stubborn old jackass is yer grandfather Cohen."

Cohen also heard a smack which was not difficult to diagnose. Summoning all his resolution he knocked at the door. It wasn't a loud knock but still it was a knock. Seven pairs of eyes inside the flat focused themselves upon that door. Mrs. Kelly swept majestically over and opened it. She gasped in astonishment as Cohen, dripping and dejected, head bent, raised his hands in a characteristic gesture of despair. Astonishment, pity, and suspicion, on the part of Pat greeted the visitor, but Mrs. Kelly made a gesture of admittance and Cohen lurched rather than walked into the room. He was in a daze.

The other members of his family were too astonished at his appearance to do more than gasp. Kelly was the first to act. Shoving the baby into Terry's arms, he started toward the offender, in the characteristic Kelly manner, rolling up his sleeves as he came on. Mrs. Kelly intercepted him.

"Remember Pat, he's the baby's grandpa."

"Sure I know it, an' it's a orffil handicap the kid will be havin' to live down!"

But Jacob did not even see Kelly. He had eyes only for Nannie. With pathetic entreaty in his eyes, he held out his arms to her. And Nannie all forgiving went into his embrace like a tired child.

"I know it, a stubborn old fool your fodder is. Everything you vant to call me I got it comin' because—because—"

Cohen choked on the word. Swallowing hard and pulling himself together and looking defiantly at the Kellys, he fairly screamed,

"Because I'm—I'm a thief!"

No one said a word. Astonishment, unbelief, horror, sat on every face. Cohen's anguish and utter self-abnegation were too poignant. Misunderstanding their silence, he continued,

"For mercy I shouldn't come here to beg. I don't deserve it. Nannie should maybe forgive her old papa. For the best, he thought he done it. And Mama, she knows I esk her to forgive, too. But you, Mr. Kelly, to preezon you could send me. You hear me? To preezon!"

Gradually into Kelly's head came the thought that Cohen was beside himself. But Cohen continued passionately,

"Everything, everything I got in the vorld, my house, our home, automobile, shop, money in the bank, the profits I made, even the money I spent playin' golluf in Florida, everything belongs—belongs—to you!"

"Hey, are yez tryin' to kid me, Cohen, or has yer money driven ye daffy?"

"I vish I vas only deffy. I em deffy. I vish ve were beck in the little flet. I vish be hed nefer seen the money. Oy, how happy ve were then! And look at me now! Me, Jacob Cohen, I'm a robb-air! Nannie, your papa's a robb-air!"

Jacob swayed as though he would fall and Rachel, Pat, and Terry, all sprang to assist him. Sobbing and incoherent, they led him to a sofa. But he wouldn't have it. Pulling himself together and furiously wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, chokingly he said,

"Vhat belongs to you, you ken hev it to-night. I should not be going beck there nefer!"

As Jacob turned and shuffled toward the door his feet as heavy as lead, his back bowed in sorrow and humiliation, Kelly realized that he was actually going out. But still he did not understand what it was all about. Just the same Pat started for his erstwhile neighbor shouting,

"Jake, wait a minute!"

Cohen turned around, tears streaming down his cheeks. Taking him by the arm, Kelly gave him a gentle shake.

"Sure a foine grandpa ye are, walkin' out on yer grandchild like that. You'll be havin' some sinse or I'll jist be after lockin' ye up!"

Cohen looked in wonder at Kelly but the smile on Pat's face was real. His hand clasp was hearty and as he glanced at the faces in the room, they were all friendly, all forgiving. Gradually the blood flowed back into Jacob's heart. For the first time in weeks he felt a glow where there had been nothing but stone, storm and tempest. As he realized that Kelly was actually forgiving him, that Nannie was forgiving him, that Terry was forgiving him, his relief was almost more than he could bear. Again he tottered on his feet.

Seeing that Cohen's heart was torn between relief and remorse, Kelly went over and snatched the baby from Terry's arms and thrust it into Cohen's. And wonder of wonders, the baby smiled! Even Cohen's tears dropping on his face and Cohen's wet arms failed to produce the usual vociferous result.

The Cohens and Kellys were united again.

The men had retired from the combination kitchen-dining room and left the ladies to wash the dishes. As they came into the living room

from their post prandial exercises, they were just in time to hear Kelly pledging Cohen's health in the best that the neighborhood provided.

"Sure, 'tis me partner ye're goin' to be now, Jacob. Ye're a better business man than I be, even though ye did sell me some bum oil stocks. From now on it's fifty-fifty in the new firm of 'Cohen & Kelly'."

THE END.

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